PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET WITH THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1889.

Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

PRESIDENT HARRISON RAISING THE FLAG ON THE STEAMER "NEW YORK."

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 211.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.)

INCLUDING A DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 4, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY AND MR. CLEVELAND.

TO form an intelligent judgment of the present condition and the future of the Democratic party in New York some facts of recent history must be kept in mind. Before the last National Democratic Convention there appeared two delegations from this State. One was the offspring of the "snap" arrangements of Tammany Hall and of the Democratic State machine controlled by Senator HILL, Mr. MURPHY, and Mr. SHEEHAN. It made a fierce war upon Mr. CLEVELAND, and urged Mr. HILL'S nomination for the Presidency. It had the advantage of "regularity." The other had been appointed by an irregular meeting called in opposition to the "snap" methods of the regulars. It represented the strong feeling of the people in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND, and had an enrolment of about two hundred thousand Democrats in all parts of the State at its back. Its real constituency was much larger. The "anti-snapper" delegation found that it had the sympathy of the National Convention overwhelmingly on its side; yet, for the sake of harmony, it abstained from contesting the seats of the "regulars." But it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that had not the anti-snappers, representing the true feelings of the majority of the New York Democracy, appeared on the field of action, Mr. CLEVELAND, in spite of the strong current in his favor outside of the State of New York, would not have been nominated. His victory was owing to the proof furnished by the anti-snappers that the regular delegation was not a faithful representative of the New York Democracy.

Mr. CLEVELAND having been nominated, the Democrats of the State of New York worked for his election, apparently united; but only apparently. Again for the sake of harmony the anti-snappers of New York city abstained from nominating for the municipal offices candidates of their own against those of Tammany Hall, and Tammany then supported Mr. CLEVELAND with ostentatious zeal. But it is no secret that this zeal was inspired by a mere appreciation of the necessities of the case, since opposition to CLEVELAND would have meant to Tammany the entire loss of its standing in the national Democracy and of its hold upon the government of New York city, which is its pasture. Nor is it a secret that, while Senator HILL made campaign speeches for Mr. CLEVELAND, every place in which his personal influence was especially strong showed, when the votes were counted, glaring signs of widespread and systematic treachery, which might have become dangerous had not supporters of Mr. CLEVELAND coming from outside of the Democratic party more than filled the gap. However, during the campaign the appearance of harmony was decently preserved. The election over, Tammany and the State machine resumed their offensive operations. They united in securing the election of Mr. MURPHY, whose personal hostility to Mr. CLEVELAND had been no less virulent than that of Senator HILL, to a seat in the Senate of the United States. They insisted upon the reappointment of Judge MAYNARD as a member of the Court of Appeals. In this city Tammany Hall affronted public decency with some scandalous selections for important offices. In the State the Democratic machine caused the removal from public employment of every friend of Mr. CLEVELAND it could lay its hands upon. It has sought even by legislative action changing municipal charters to deprive of their legitimate powers elected municipal officers who would not submit to its dictation. Its tyrannical and vindictive insolence seems to know no bounds.

It is evident that this cannot go on without disaster. No party consisting of self-respecting men can live under such control. It has become absolutely necessary either to take the existing Democratic organization entirely out of the hands of the men now ruling it, and to put men of sound principles and high aims in their places, or to form in opposition to it a new organization composed of the best elements of the Democratic party—the elements which a year ago made so effective a demonstration in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND. We risk little in predicting that if at the next State election the Democratic party of New York is still under the leadership of the present machine, it will be defeated. The reasons for enforced harmony which held it together last autumn when the Presidency was at stake will exist no longer. There are many thousands of Democrats—not to speak of the independents and former Republicans who at the Presidential election swelled the Democratic ranks—who will prefer defeat to a continued domination of this greedy, insolent, and treacherous selfishness. And such a defeat will leave the Democracy confronted with the same necessity of a reorganization upon a sound and honorable basis; but then the Democracy of New York will find itself morally weakened by too long a submission to the disgraceful yoke. It is true, the formation of a new Democratic organization in opposition to the old and the running of two sets of Democratic candidates would also present the possibility of Democratic defeat. But from that defeat one Democratic organization at least would issue with untarnished honor, with principles and aims entitled to the respect and confidence of the people. And this respect and confidence it would have, with the certain promise of future victory. Nor is the possibility that the new organization may rapidly grow to such power as to command immediate success by any means excluded. For it is evident, from the recent revolts in the Legislature, that the forces of the machine are already disintegrating; and the remarkable attractiveness of the new Democracy under Mr. CLEVELAND'S leadership to public-spirited men of other parties has been strikingly demonstrated by the Presidential election.

The question is frequently asked what position President CLEVELAND will take with regard to the antagonisms within his party in this State. There can be no doubt as to where his sympathies will be. He knows as well as anybody that the fight against the Democratic machine is no mere fight against this or that individual. He knows that the true question is one of vital principle—whether the party is to be despotically ruled by a selfish and irresponsible boss or oligarchy, or by the deliberate opinion and will of a majority of its members. His sympathy, therefore, is assured. But how will he practically use his patronage? Will he systematically discriminate in favor of one set of Democrats and against another? Will he expose himself to the danger of building up a new party machine to defeat the one now existing? Or will he discourage his friends and the friends of good party politics and of good government by leaving them in doubt as to whether they have his countenance and practical support? To these questions he may be trusted to find without difficulty a satisfactory answer. He will most successfully avoid the dilemma by not treating the offices of the government in the sense of party patronage at all. If he proceeds slowly with the removals to be made, and makes them only for good reason; if, when different candidates are presented for an office, he carefully selects, and peremptorily instructs those wielding power under him carefully to select, the one best fitted for the place by character and ability; if especially for the more conspicuous and influential positions he chooses men enjoying in the highest degree the esteem and confidence of the community, not merely as politicians, but as citizens; if he thus keeps the public interest in view as the first thing to be considered, and makes the public service in the truest meaning of the word the service of the people—he will remain true to the best of his principles, and at the same time strike the most effective blow for good party politics. He will be in no danger of disappointing and discouraging his friends or of working in the hands of the old party machine, for it is by no means probable that a machine like this will present many candidates pre-eminent by their character and ability, even by mistake; but if it did, it might have the benefit of it. He will thus furnish a new and most wholesome illustration of the maxim that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

THE BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR NEW ORLEANS.

AT the same time that a few public-spirited men in this city were planning to make grand opera a possibility for next year, hundreds of such men in New Orleans were co-operating to make opera there not only a certainty but a success. Grand opera has for a long time been one of the attractions of the Southern capital, and Paris has sent many a troupe there. But, fond of good music as the population was, the character of an experiment clung to each season's operatic ventures, and they were not always profitable to the managers. In the winter of 1891-2 the opera resulted in a small loss, and in order that not even the possibility of a recurrence of this misfortune should interfere with the popular pleasure during the winter which is now closing, a wealthy citizen assumed responsibility for any loss that might occur. Noble as was this man's behavior, it did not represent the sum of the public spirit of the populace, or if it did, it served to develop that quality in many others. At the close of the operatic season, which was the beginning of the current year, other leading citizens banded together to form an opera-guarantee association of two hundred members, who are to hold themselves in readiness to meet any loss that may result from the continuance of grand opera next season.

These citizens announced that it was an imposition for the lovers of music and all who held the welfare of the city at heart to lean upon one man's generosity. So prompt and numerous were the responses to their call that it was resolved to swell the membership to four hundred, and now it is said that even this large number will be increased by another hundred. It was a surprising revelation, not only of interest in grand opera, but of pure public spirit and desire to help the city; for many who have subscribed are not "opera-goers." The list of the members of the guarantee association shows that the old creole families, the old American element, the new-comers in society and in business, and, indeed, all classes except the poor, who doubtless share the same spirit, but not the means to indulge it, stand side by side in this movement.

The amount which each member holds himself in readiness to pay should the opera managers lose money is small, and, indeed, it is logically asserted that even this sum is removed from risk by reason of the enthusiastic and general interest in opera that has been aroused, but the great point and moral of the movement is something apart from this. The moral is that the gay and picturesque and semi-foreign old city is awakened to a sense of its almost certain future importance as the winter capital of the country. Already a host of Northern visitors congregates there each year to witness the Mardi-gras festivities, and it is noticed that all are enthusiastic over the manifold attractions of the city, and that each year the crowd is greater and the visitors stay longer than during the preceding year. There was no rivalry between New Orleans and Florida when this began, but it is seen that many who seek the balmy climate of the Gulf coast find more to enjoy in the gay life of the American-Latin city, with its shops and clubs and theatres and city bustle, than in the quieter countrylike charms, which also have their devotees in the crowds that seek not only Florida, but the resorts of Georgia and the Carolinas. Grand opera from Paris—in the delightful old French Opera-house, with its attendant crowd of creole and American beauties—has been a leading attraction in New Orleans. The thought of losing it, now that the city is breasting the new era of its reign as a pleasure capital, was not to be entertained. The next progressive step will be the provision of hotels of the most modern sort. They are absolutely necessary, and the want of them is keenly felt. With this defect remedied, New Orleans will have no apology to offer to the army of wealthy idlers whose forerunners have been so captivated by the lovely queen city of the South that they have forced themselves upon her before she had swept and garnished her house in readiness for them.

BETTER TIMES AHEAD FOR THE CLERICAL CALLING.

IT has been common these last few decades to lament the dearth of first-rate men in the ministerial profession, and even the retrogression of the profession itself as a power in modern life. We are all used to hearing it averred that the relative influence of ministers, as compared with that of other professional men, has steadily declined. It has never been denied that the church gets some strong and admirable men, but the impression has undoubtedly obtained that it gets by no means as many as it needs or as it is entitled to, and that too often it has had to fill the places of such men with candidates of inferior calibre. Many reasons and remedies have been suggested for this state of things. The multiplication of sects and small churches has been blamed for it, and not without good reason. It has been said, too, that the ministerial vocation does not pay as well as it ought in order to hold its own in these practical times; also that the profession has been pauperized by making theological education so cheap that self-respecting men look askance at it. It has been pointed out, too, that whereas in that golden age of ministers known as the good old colony times the minister regulated the personal conduct of every one of his parishioners, the times have so changed that it is a humble parishioner indeed who does not feel entitled to an appreciable share in the regulation of the personal affairs of the minister. Then, too, it has been thought that ministers have been fitted too closely into cast-iron standards of belief, to which many conscientious men, otherwise well adapted to the clerical vocation, could not bring themselves to submit. The remedies suggested have been adapted to these causes—better pay for the ministers, less interference by charitable persons with the law of supply and demand, the amalgamation of small churches, the education of congregations in the great art of minding their own business, and the emancipation of Christianity from unnecessary theological fetters.

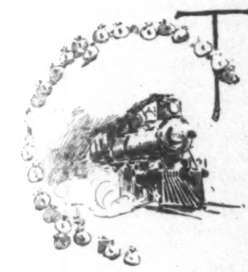
There are signs nowadays which promise the application of some of these remedies. The refusal of the New York Presbytery to discipline Professor BRIGGS, and the restoration of Dr. MCGLYNN to the Roman Catholic priesthood, are signs out of many that forecast increased liberty of thought and action to all clergymen in and out of church. The same signs, too, foreshadow a decrease in the capacity of minor differences of belief or opinion to split up congregations that ought to hold together, or to keep separate those that ought to unite. The union of congregations that ought to be joined would mean larger church societies, especially in the country; and larger churches should mean more adequate salaries for the country ministers; while increased pay and a less restricted liberty of thought may reasonably be expected to draw into the clerical profession more men of sufficient power to build up churches, and to hold their own with the congregations which they attract.

These signs, such as they are, of more favorable conditions for the ministerial profession are very welcome. It is a profession too attractive to many men to need to be subsidized. If it has lost ground, it is because it has been unnecessarily handicapped. The men who are wanted as ministers will never start out to be ministers because the pay is big or the work easy. But they may be kept out of the profession because its money returns are unequal to the maintenance of their families, or because they believe the

conditions under which they must work to be inconsistent with entire self-respect and the pursuit and demonstration of truth. It is only by appealing to men's highest motives that the clerical profession can really prosper. If the profession says, "I can give you power and money," it may get "smart" and ambitious men; if it says, "I can make you comfortable," it may get clever lazy men; but if it is to get the sort of good and able men it needs, it must offer them the best chance to help their fellows. Its strong point is its appeal to unselfish sentiment. The romance is pretty well gone out of the military profession. That is a trade which has survived most of its glory, and subsided into the rank of a necessary evil, closely allied with police duty and mathematics. The contemporary hero of the maritime profession no longer stands on deck and watches his bellying sails. No; his most heroic moments are spent down in the bowels of his vessel splicing a broken shaft. There is some little glamour left in politics still, but the chances are too good that the man who yearns to serve his fellow-men in political life will find that the only form of service readily open to him is to busy himself getting offices for his constituents, and inducing legislatures to assent to measures which he himself, perhaps, does not wholly approve.

But all the opportunities which the clerical profession ever had it has still. There is practically just as much sin to fight, just as much devil to beat, as there ever was. Error and ignorance are continually rampant; multitudes go hungry for lack of spiritual food; the harvest is constantly white, and beckons to the reapers. And reapers enough there will be, provided only that they have leave to sharpen their sickles according to knowledge, and to use them according to the fulness of their strength.

RAILWAY FARES TO CHICAGO.



THE managers of the railroads leading into Chicago from the East have had under consideration the amount to be charged for fares to visitors to the World's Fair. It is reported that these managers have come to the conclusion that one fare for the round trip will not be agreed upon, and, indeed, that there will be no reduction from present rates except upon slow trains, and that even on these the reduction will not be so great as has been usual heretofore on occasions when unaccustomed numbers of people travelled to one place. No one wishes to travel on a train that consumes thirty-five hours in going from New York to Chicago. On trains going faster than this the railroad managers say that no reduction is contemplated. This conclusion, it is said, was arrived at because there was little doubt that at present rates the railroads centring in Chicago could during the fair do all the business they could accommodate. This may be true, but we cannot believe that this conclusion is final. In ordinary business it may be entirely right for the seller to get all that he can for his services or his wares, but the railway companies are not conducting an ordinary business. It was reported recently that one of the trunk-line presidents had asked a Chicago hotel-keeper and Chicago merchant whether they would reduce their prices during the fair. Each, as the story went, said that he would not. Then the railway president turned upon them and asked why his company should be asked to reduce its profits any more than merchants and hotel-keepers. This story was denied by the railway president, but he said that it fairly represented his views on the subject. So it may; but if his views are permitted to be carried out in regard to the fares to and from Chicago, then the railways will have failed to do what the public has a perfect right to expect them to do, and this right is founded in reason and confirmed by precedent.

The railway companies do not conduct an ordinary business, and the motives of ordinary business men cannot be permitted to control the actions of railway managers. Railway corporations have been created by the public, and given most extraordinary privileges, and to the creating power the corporations are under continuous obligations. What is for the public interest should always be considered by the railway managers as of the first importance. When the public interest is forgotten, the public is likely to retaliate. Indeed, in many instances in the Southwest the railway companies have found that it is not profitable to too long neglect these public obligations. The World's Fair in Chicago is not a private venture for private gain, but a great public undertaking for the public good. The States and the national government have contributed directly to this undertaking, and the railways must do their share towards its complete success, both directly and indirectly.

The purpose of the fair is in the main educational. That purpose will be defeated unless a very great number of visitors are able to visit Chicago, and by studying the exhibits learn the lessons that they teach. The great majority of these visitors must go to Chicago by rail, and if the railways, by ungenerously high fares, discourage the visitors who must count each dollar of expense, then the railways will have failed in their duty towards the public. The very people who will be most benefited by visiting the fair are those who must carefully consider the cost. A matter of ten or fifteen dollars in railway fares is nothing to rich men, but it is a great deal to the artisans and mechanics and farmers of the country. Besides being wrong in itself, such a policy would be short-sighted, even from a purely selfish standpoint. In the development of the country and its growth in wealth the railways profit directly and quickly. The Centennial Exhibition gave a great impetus to trade, and resulted in the growth of many industries. This Columbian Fair will do the same thing, and in its complete success the railways have an interest that the managers cannot afford to ignore.

THE FINE ARTS LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE first feeling of a cultivated and travelled American who makes the round of the loan exhibition now to be seen at the Fine Arts Society Building in Fifty-seventh Street must be of wonder that a collection such as adorns the walls could be got together in this country. The large gallery given to the society by Mr. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT, and named after him, is devoted to the works of modern masters. In this one's admiration does not amount to wonder, because it is familiar to all American art-lovers that their country offers one of the best markets in the world to living painters of whatever nationality. The productions of British art, indeed, are mainly kept at home, and the modest exhibition of the works of the pre-Raphaelites at the Century Club, not long ago, was surprising by its extent, modest as it was. But the works of contemporary schools and masters of the Continent are eagerly bought by American amateurs. Of the famous French pictures of the current period, in particular, an exhibition might be arranged in New York that would come into no despicable rivalry with anything that could be assembled in Paris itself, and that certainly could not be equalled in any European city excepting Paris. Such an exhibition, indeed, the Vanderbilt Gallery comes very near to presenting. It competes very favorably with the magnificent loan exhibition of 1876 in the Academy of Design, which nobody who was privileged to visit it can have forgotten. In the means it furnishes for estimating the power and the range of some of the most distinguished French painters, the present exhibition has not been surpassed.

But it is in the works of older schools that the loan exhibition excites wonder, for the visitor finds here what most visitors would unhesitatingly have said that he must cross the ocean to see. Who could have imagined, for example, that there could be assembled upon this continent, even though Canada has been drawn upon as well as the United States, so complete a representation of English painting, from REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH to TURNER and Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, as is here accessible? Of GAINSBOROUGH and of CONSTABLE, indeed, the representation may almost be said to be as nearly complete as can be had anywhere, even in the National Gallery itself. No lover of art needs to be told how important such an exposition is, how especially important historically in the case of CONSTABLE, whose influence has been so much greater in France than in his own country, and who was the predecessor and in many respects the teacher of the painters whose works are the greatest glories of French landscape art. Of Sir JOSHUA, too, the examples are numerous and worthy; and the single TURNER, the "Mercury and Argus," is a highly characteristic and typical work.

It is in this representation of English art that the exhibition is quite unique and unprecedented in this country, and that it is indispensable to untravelled American students. But there has never been on view here so interesting a representation of still older masters. VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, RUBENS, VAN DYCK, are to be seen in adequate and in some cases in famous examples; and the collection of Dutch art alone, or of early Italian art alone, would be worth more than one visit. Whoever, having an intelligent interest in art, fails to partake of the feast which has been provided for him by the enterprise and the diligence of the Loan Exhibition Committee, will lose an enviable opportunity.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

MR. CLEVELAND has made one selection for his cabinet hardly less significant and promising than that of Judge Gresham, and resembling the latter in that it shows his purpose to be surrounded by men of courage and conscience. He has gone beyond the Mississippi and chosen Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, to take charge of the Department of Agriculture. This department cannot be said to have been very useful under the honest and faithful "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, for that worthy man's equipment is not equal to the task he assumed. Under Mr. Morton it may well become extremely useful, since he is a skilled and trained farmer, an ardent and intelligent student of forestry, and a man of much executive ability. This is much, but it is not all, or even the best. Mr. Morton has for some twenty-five years been a devoted Democrat in a State overwhelmingly Republican, and an active party man in a community where the temptations to compromise principle for the temporary advantage of the party have been many, constant, and alluring. During all that time he has stood perfectly firm for sound money and for tariff reform. He fought the "greenback" craze from the start, and he has fought the free-silver craze with the same unflagging energy. During the last campaign he was strongly opposed to fusion with the Populists in any form or to any degree. He is a public speaker of great effectiveness—not an orator in the ordinary sense, having no need of the orator's peculiar gifts, but a straightforward, sincere, logical, and convincing talker. He has done very much to educate the farmers of Nebraska as to the real working of the high tariff and as to their vital interest in freer trade. Mr. Morton and Judge Gresham, therefore, represent two powerful elements in the Democratic party as Mr. Cleveland conceives it—one stanch and faithful adherence to high aims in the past, the other courageous adoption of those aims in the present, and both the growing popular attachment to those aims in the great region to which political power has been transferred. Their co-operation in the administration is a strong guarantee of the future.

The absurdity, or worse, of considering all diplomatic matters in secret session is strikingly shown in the history of the so-called "treaty" with Hawaii. Here was an agreement to change absolutely and abruptly the established and traditional policy of the United States, to assume the possession, administration, and necessarily the defence of a group of islands of motley population, some 2500 miles distant from our nearest seaport, and much farther distant from the seat of our chief military and naval resources. It was an agreement, moreover, made with the representatives of a provisional, purely *de facto*, and essentially revolutionary government, which had overthrown a government with which this country had for years had the most intimate, friendly, and profitable treaty relations. Such a step could wisely be taken only with the most complete assurance that the intelligent, informed, and deliberate judgment of the people of the United States approved of it. Such assurance was impossible unless the people of the United States were made fully acquainted with all the facts and with all the arguments for and against annexation, and that result in its turn could only be obtained by submitting all the documents to Congress, and inviting the fullest discussion. Even then it might well be that the means for forming a rational public opinion should be found lacking, and that lack of itself would be a conclusive argument for deliberation and delay. Every stage in this reasonable and honorable process is rendered difficult, and may be rendered impracticable, by the secrecy with which such matters are treated, and with which this one in particular was surrounded. It is true that the text of the treaty and the report of the Secretary of State were made public; but these were only enough to show how utterly indefensible, how really indecent, was the haste made by the President and the State Department, followed by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and in effect demanded of the Senate. It is an insult to the people of the Union to assume, as is assumed in this case, that their opinion on a matter of this importance, involving certainly great and possibly irrevocable consequences, is not worth the attention of the administration and the Senate. There are, of course, instances of the need of secrecy in the treatment of international relations, but these occur only in carrying out a policy that the country thoroughly understands and fully approves. To adopt, or seek to adopt, a policy so radical and so far-reaching under the cloak of secrecy is, in reality, a grave violation of the fundamental principle of representative popular government.

The "Address of Eulogy on George William Curtis"—thus it was officially described—delivered by the Rev. J. W. Chadwick before the Brooklyn Institute on the 22d of February was something more and much better than the announcement indicated. It embraced a very clear and effective review of Mr. Curtis's career, and was marked by a number of passages of eloquence; but its chief value lay in the thoughtful, discriminating, and delicate criticism of the phases and of the motives of that career. No higher praise could be given it than to say that it was composed in the spirit that Mr. Curtis himself would have delighted in. It will doubtless be published by the Institute, or otherwise, and with Mr. Chadwick's charming chapter of personal reminiscences, in the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be welcomed by Mr. Curtis's innumerable friends.

A memorial hall for Phillips Brooks is to be built in the "Yard" at Harvard. A committee has invited subscriptions for a fund of $300,000, and his class, 1855, pledges the last $10,000 of each $100,000. There can be no doubt that the hall will be built, and it will be worthy of a noble memory. Devoted to religious and social uses, it will, in the words of the committee, "convey to coming generations of students the splendid spiritual endowment which he gave to Harvard." With Phillips Brooks the religious life and the social life were inseparable. He could not conceive of a religion that did not embrace the whole field of human relations; he labored for a society in which every activity should be informed by the spirit of religion. The alumni of Harvard will honor themselves and their college in honoring one of the purest and strongest of Harvard's sons. Details of the plan may be obtained of President Eliot. A memorial sketch of the life and work of Phillips Brooks has been prepared by his brother, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., of the Church of the Incarnation, New York city, and will be published in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Perhaps the most engaging of the chapters in *Moltke, his Life and Character*, is the brief one, scarce half a dozen pages, in which the great strategist, at the age of ninety, has written some "Consolatory Thoughts on this Life, and Trust in a Future Life." These show the severe and firm and penetrating mind, equal to the task of waiting as well as to that of achievement. The spirit of the chapter is one of calm but hopeful rationalism, with an undertone of tenderness. It is clear that Moltke was not a narrowly dogmatic man in his religious ideas. There is, indeed, a tone of gentle scorn in his remark, "I fear it is the pulpit zealot, who tries to persuade where he cannot convince, that empties the church with his sermons." Even of reason he speaks with a dread of its certain but undefined limitations. The note of hope, however, is clear and sweet when he speaks of the affections. "But, above all, the emotions must be retained by the soul if it is to be immortal. Friendship does, indeed, rest on reciprocity, and it is partly an affair of the reason; but love can exist though unrequited. Love is the purest, the most divine spark of our being." This from the veteran of seventy years of active service in the art of war is singularly touching. That such a spirit should survive such a career is in delightful harmony with his own argument for a future life.

The birthday of Washington was celebrated by the management of the Lenox Library by opening the rich and varied treasures of that noble institution to the public. Heretofore admission has been had only by cards, and though these could be had at any time on application, the requirement of them was an appreciable obstacle to the general use of the library. Commencing with the 22d of February, the building is thrown open to all visitors during the daytime of every day except Sundays. It is not generally known that the collections of the library embrace, besides its great number of books common to all institutions of this character, many rare and curious volumes, manuscripts, examples of exquisite binding and illumination, and many extremely valuable works of art. The widow of the late Robert L. Stuart has lately added to the library some 7000 volumes and 250 pictures of different schools. It is not easy to exaggerate the influence of a foundation of this sort, the beneficence of which is sure constantly to be increased, the hard saying of Scripture, "to those who have shall be given," working in such cases purely for good. And this influence is very greatly extended by the new policy of the trustees.

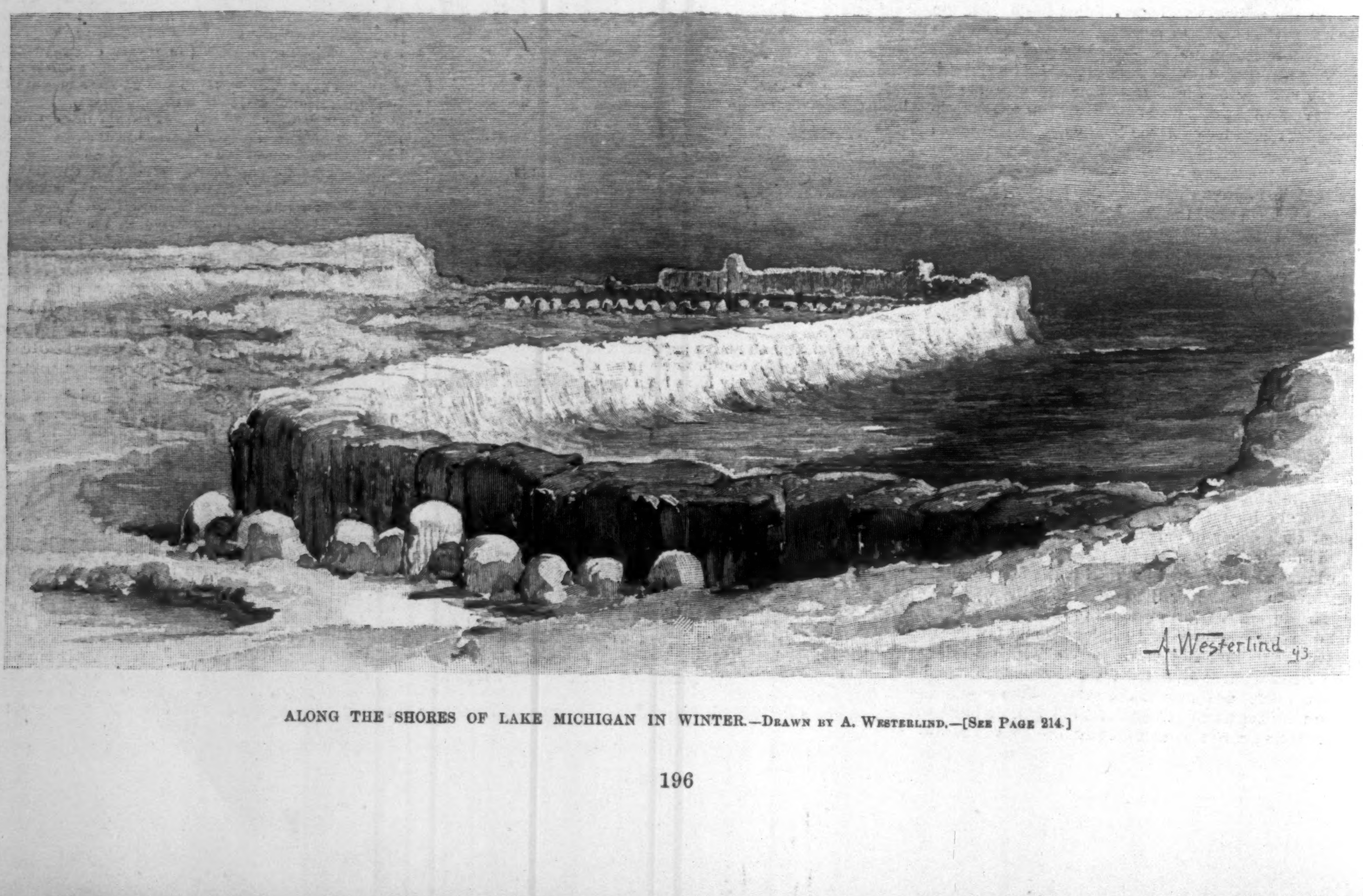
"ON PROBATION."

It is pretty nearly certain that the generality of people who go to the theatre in this country go there to be amused. The hurry and worry of our every-day life is such, and competition has made the struggle for a bare existence so severe, that some form of recreation is absolutely needed by the army of our busy toilers, and such a positive recreation is perhaps most easily and satisfactorily obtained by means of a good theatrical performance. This is one principal reason why the legitimate dramâ, and those forms of theatrical entertainment which demand a positive mental effort have lapsed and waned in popularity, and comedy is the key-note of almost all theatrical productions which nowadays attain popularity. There is certainly nothing more wholesome, more refreshing, more genuinely invigorating, than a hearty laugh, and any play or theatrical piece which provides genuine amusement without recourse to either vulgarity or impropriety should be heartily welcomed. We are to be congratulated that our theatrical taste has not become, as yet, over-civilized to the point that genuine and legitimate humor, uncoupled with suggestiveness, has ceased to be either interesting or attractive.

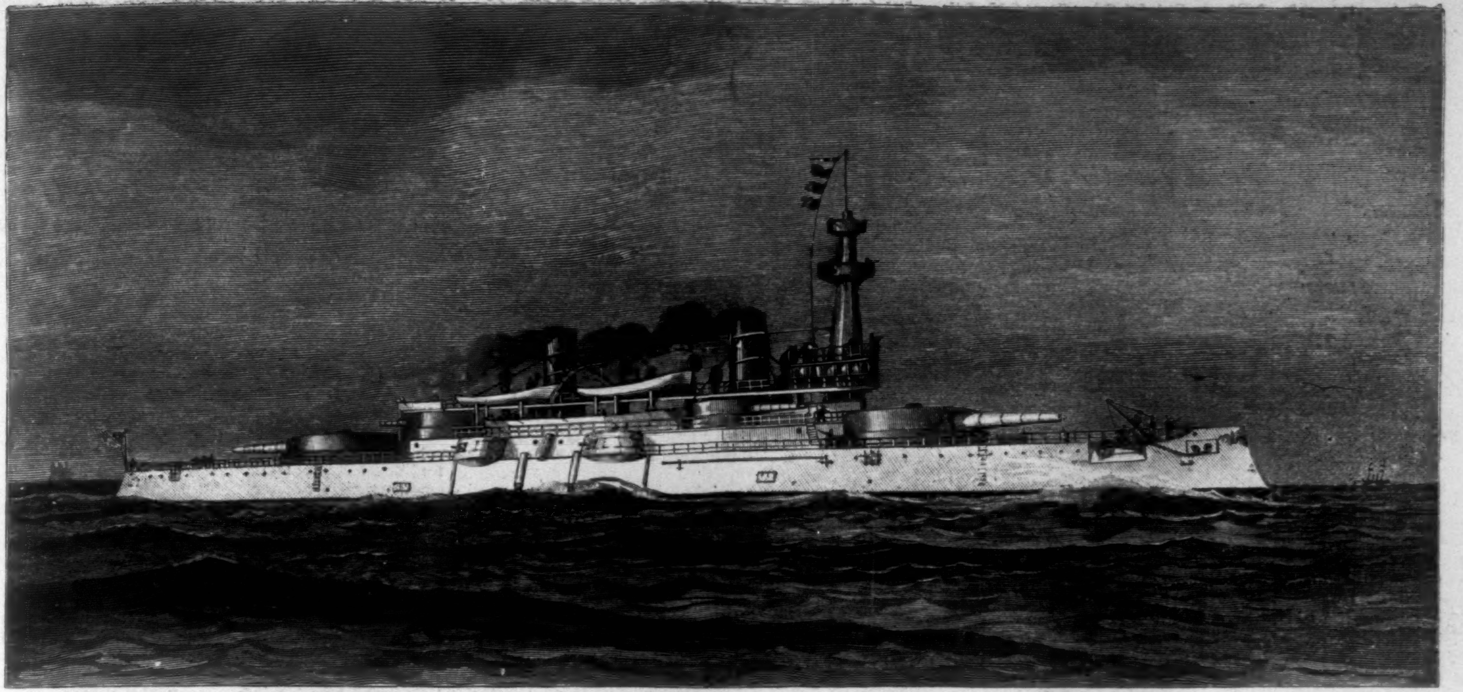
On Probation, the "comic drama" by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Geo. H. Jessup, now successfully running at the Star Theatre, is a good play, because it fulfils the purpose for which it was evidently designed, which is to amuse in a wholesome and legitimate way. Its authors and exponents, as well as the public which enjoys it, are therefore to be congratulated on its legitimate and deserved success. It is not necessary to view a play like *On Probation* from a strictly critical stand-point; were such a one to be adopted, one could say with justice that the situations, though humorous, were improbable and exaggerated, that the characters were too broadly drawn to be exactly typical, and that the dialogue in some cases was hardly true to nature. But possible strictures of this kind on a play like *On Probation* would be not only hypercritical, but unnecessary. As has been said, the play was written to amuse, and in so doing to provide Mr. Crane with all possible opportunities for the exhibition of the many qualities which have endeared him as a comedian to the American public. In this its authors have succeeded without doubt or question, and have therefore done everything that could be expected of them. The mere sight of Mr. Crane calls up many pleasantly mirthful recollections of *The Two Dromios*, *The Henrietta*, *The American Minister*, *The Senator*, and many other plays in which for years past he has laid the American public under a debt of gratitude by affording them many opportunities for genuine merriment. In no one of his previous impersonations has he been more amusing than as the flirtatious Chicago millionaire, incited to fresh flirtations and involved in fresh complications by the sight of every pretty girl he may happen to meet. Even while we must admit that the situations brought about by Mr. Silsbee's amorous proclivities are improbable, we can forgive this and much more since they are genuinely comical.

The great merit of *On Probation* lies in the fact that the humor is legitimately developed from the situations, and its fun is produced by legitimate means, without suggestion of either acrobatic comedy or horse-play. Much of the dialogue, too, is genuinely humorous and appropriate, and the characterization of the various personages of the play, though at times approaching burlesque, is still definite and distinct. If we allow the premises, the conclusions are logical enough. The authors have managed to give to their characters and situations a lightness and vivacity which savors of the French school of comedy, without any of its malodorous suggestiveness, and their climaxes are made easily and without any undue straining for effect. Apart from the principal character, played with much unction, spirit, and legitimate comedy by Mr. Crane, the characters of the jealous Brazilian husband and the cosmopolitan waiter are pleasantly conceived, deftly drawn, and very well played by Messrs. Backus and Herbert. The female characters, while neither as distinctive or amusing as the male ones, are still effective, and are also well rendered. Miss Busby, as the young lady from New York, on whose account Mr. Silsbee is placed "on probation," is so pretty to look at that one can readily overlook her somewhat amateurish methods. All in all, the play is sufficiently well acted to fulfil all reasonable requirements, and in this case the play itself is not so much the thing as is Mr. Crane, who dominates every situation, and is the prime mover in all the fun and merriment evoked by these situations. It is pleasant to be able to record the success of so clean, wholesome, and amusing a comedy, written by American authors from an American stand-point, and played by American actors in a distinctively American way. *On Probation*, if memory serve, was first produced at a matinée in New York last season. It was afterwards rather extensively revised, and was produced first in its present form in Chicago, at the beginning of the present season. It is reasonably safe to predict that Mr. Crane will not have any occasion to change the vehicle in which he so admirably succeeds in amusing the public which admires him for some time to come.

"IF EVER I GO ON PROBATION AGAIN, I'LL BOARD IT OUT IN A NUNNERY."



ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN IN WINTER.—Drawn by A. Westerlind.—[See Page 214.]



THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.—[SEE PAGE 207.]

TRENTON'S UNRIVALLED ICE GORGE.

THE third and what gave every promise of being the most dangerous freshet and ice gorge in the Delaware River held the inhabitants of the city of Trenton in a state of apprehension for a week, dating from February 10th. The memorable flood of 1854, and the subsequent one of 1886, have been outrivalled.

Now that all danger is over, without any attending loss of life, and comparatively small damage to property, speculation runs riot with conjectures as to what might have occurred.

The bed of the Delaware for many miles above Trenton, overcharged by torrents, threw off its thirteen-inch covering of ice, which, lashed by the current, was driven against the ice dam at Periwig bar, and tossed upon it in huge jagged masses, forming a formidable rampart forty feet high. In the rush of the ice, trees a foot in diameter were snapped off like saplings, and when the wild flight of the charged torrent met with resistance at Periwig bar, great masses of ice were forced over a twenty-foot embankment, to be piled ten feet high over an area of a hundred yards.

This immense dam diverted the river from its natural channel, and forced it over the meadows on the New Jersey side, where it formed a new channel fifteen feet deep and a hundred yards wide. This saving outlet returned to the natural bed of the river again above Bordentown. The ice-floes covered an area of two miles and a half, extending from the bar to the old Trenton Bridge.

At South Trenton the river, when highest, rose nineteen feet and ten inches, which instantly placed that portion of the city in imminent danger, and great apprehension was felt lest the outlying country should be inundated by the water reaching the height of the canal-banks and overflowing them.

Considerable interest centred in the resistance of the great iron railroad bridge, whose abutments were completely incased in ice. A heavy train was stationed on this bridge to help resist the undermining power of the mighty force only two feet below the platform. A corps of engineers kept constant vigil, and an attempt was made to dislodge the masses of ice by the use of dynamite. Eighty pounds of the explosive were discharged on the 14th, but the results were so slight as to discourage further experiment.

The houses on the two islands in the river, Morris and Duck, respectively, were also objects of interest to the thousands of people gathered in Riverview Cemetery and along the banks. The ice had risen to the second story of these isolated river houses, and the inmates had escaped, leaving their cattle and household goods behind.

At the foot of Ferry Street, Trenton, stands the old colonial Bloomsbury House; when the flood was at its height, guests were taken from the second story into boats by means of ladders. Fair Street was literally transformed into a miniature Venice; bakers, grocers, milkmen, newspaper-carriers, and general purveyors replaced their wagons temporarily by row-boats as means of transit. The excitement on this street attending the transferring of personal effects and furniture into boats, and thence to a point of comparative safety at a point inland, amounted to almost a frenzy. Mills and factories on the river-front were forced to close, and many thousand hands were without employment. Immediate danger abated on the 14th instant, when the river started its fall by dropping eighteen inches. There is yet a quantity of ice in the river, and more may come.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

FAIR STREET—WOMEN TAKING GOODS FROM HOUSES.

FOOT OF FERRY STREET.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE IN DANGER—AN ICE JAM TWENTY TO THIRTY FEET HIGH REACHING UP TO ITS LEVEL.

THE RECENT ICE GORGE AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A DOG-SHOW DISAPPOINTMENT.

I WENT into the dog show just to while my time away,
And saw of canines quite a marvellously fine display;
And just before I came to leave, a little mongrel near
Stood up upon his after-legs and whispered in my ear:

"I am a little yellow dog without no pedigree,
But you can bet I'll win a prize, a very V. H. C.
They'll overlook my bandy-legs, my brilliant saffron coat;
They'll overlook my stumpy tail and truly husky throat.

"They'll overlook my velveteenlike huge and floppy ears;
They'll take no note of whinings, or a nose bedecked with tears;
They will not mind my total lack of family renown;
They'll close their eyes unto the fact that I'm the worst in town.

"The maids will stop and gush o'er me, the men will stand and gloat,
And if a collar is put up, I'll win most every vote,
Despite my most plebeian walk, despite my stumpy tail,
That madly beats upon the floor like any farmer's flail.

"And it is all because I am the little doggie sweet
Of one who has society prostrate before his feet,
Who has by some excessively odd matrimonial fluke
Become the sixteenth cousin of a haughty British Duke."

This said, the doggie broadly grinned and winked his nether eye,
Got down upon all-fours again, and with a gladsome cry,
Which seemed to show he thought the world was made for him alone,
Left off his bragging for the nonce and gnawed a chicken bone.

Alas for his ambition! When I read the list to-day
Of prizes they'd awarded for that wonderful display,
No yellow doggie's name was there, though it were hard to find
A finer flop-eared specimen of his peculiar kind.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE TWO DENMARKS.

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

HE was a Dane, of Skallingen, a fisherman, one of those tremendous fellows with thick shoulders and short necks—those human amphibians which the North Sea seems to breed. Two years before he had brought his child and his emigrant's bag filled with hooks and tackle to Maine, to the little fishing village lying about nineteen miles to the south of Machias Bay. He came for the reason that the family with whom he had always lived in Skallingen came also. He followed them uncomprehendingly, like a dog, for he was both deaf and mute. His countrymen, the Danes, wandered away to the West, leaving him and his boy.

Here, fifty or sixty yards back from the huge russet cliffs, was the cluster of fishermen's huts, all in miniature, like a Japanese village without the color. These tiny houses were built of hemlock boards and rough shingles, which the sun and salt winds had turned to the gray of a fog bank. Behind were the dark nets spread out to dry and weighted with round stones. Scattered about here and there one saw the forked tails and gaping heads of cod. The whole village had the odor of its livelihood and smelt of fish, as a cobbler's shop smells of leather.

Here the "two Denmarks," as the fishermen named them, were content. They lived in the fourth house from the sea, with Bleoo, a shrewd "down-easter," who, upon recognizing the mute's marvellous knowledge of the sea, took him into his house and employ, making the one pay for the other. From delicacy Bleoo always spoke of him as "my pardner, Big Denmark." It was a good bargain, for the Dane was a wondrous fisherman, his power of observation being acute as the instinct of an animal. He did not realize his unspeakable loneliness. All those shades of feeling, those complexities of life of which even the lowest gain inklings through conversation, were to him undiscovered, unknown. In the fulness of his magnificent manhood he was a repetition of a primeval type—an anachronism—a man whose emotions were elemental, exclusive, like a psychological definition. But he loved the sea, and he loved his child. For his wife he had never cared. To the day of her death she had treated him as an imbecile.

On those days when the storms prevented the launching of their small skiffs, father and son would climb among the rocks on the shore under the great walls of cliff, which from contact with the spray had rusted like iron. Together they would lie and stare into an intricate pool, watching the sturdy fiddler-crabs poling along the bottom or darting obliquely through the brown sea-weed, causing it to sway in its moorings. And in the recesses, sheltered well, were other pools, filled with the waters of some belated breaker, resting in their rocky basins still as lenses. Here a stick stirred gently would perform miracles, awakening kinds of marine life with which only naturalists and children are acquainted, curious creatures which fled over the colored shells and glistening pebbles to new homes. For the more usual forms, as the sea-urchins and starfish and hermit-crabs, the two Denmarks had some sign, some imitative dumb show, which they alone understood.

At length this little fellow of nine years with his light blue eyes and frayed-rope hair became his father's teacher, the sole link with the great inheritance of human knowledge from which this giant had been shut out.

All his life Denmark had lived with illiterate fishermen, men whose minds were stiff from toil and monotony, but now he gained new impulses, and the elasticity of the child's brain opened new doors, discovering pleasures of which he knew as little as primitive man.

Occasionally on their rambles they found wreckage—pieces of dead ships, black woods studded with rivets of copper. These they prized, for when burned in the little hut up on the bluff strange flames were set free—red and yellow with swift green jets from the copper—producing lights such as flare in the dreams of children. In this fashion the two Denmarks tasted happiness, acting the weird pantomime imposed by nature. The boy running ahead, pointing, making a thousand gestures, while his father watched him with those blue eyes of his which necessity had made so strangely expressive and intent. But these were holidays—gifts of the storm.

After cleaning the fish at night, they sat together until bedtime, watching the burning drift-wood, its changing lights flickering over the pictures from by-gone weeklies which covered the walls, and over old Mrs. Bleoo too, who sat upon the hair-cloth sofa knitting fishermen's stockings for her son.

In the morning Little Denmark would get into an enormous pair of boots flecked with cod scales. They had belonged to Bleoo, and were so large that the child could almost turn around inside of them without disturbing their direction. In these he scuffled down to the shore and lumbered into the boat, while Bleoo and his father stood counting the breakers, waiting until the great ninth wave should curl, when they could pull out in the "slatch."

Until lately they had always been together—the two Denmarks. But now the little fellow grew restless during the long day in the small boat. The fish ceased to interest him. He knew them all so well, the pollack's projecting jaw and pointed snout, and then those others, the hake and the haddock and the cod, they were so similar. Even before they were lifted over the gunwale he recognized them.

Frequently now he strolled away over the gold-colored fields with boys of his own age, and he liked that; therefore his father fished with Bleoo.

The little Denmark and his friends went often to the railroad, especially to the drawbridge, which a ragged indentation in the coast made necessary, for here the river met the ocean. Through this deep estuary stalked the slim supports of the iron bridge. Here on the trestles they swung like monkeys, doing a hundred acts of daring, and making the bridge-tender's life a woe to him. When he endeavored, through the medium of a strong County Leitrim brogue, to express a little of what was in his heart, they climbed higher and were happy, noisily happy.

One day in the early fall they roused him to such anger that he did not see a fishing-smack, which by his negligence was forced to luff and come up again. Then these demons of the trestle went mad with joy, calling in their treble voices, "Lobster-snoot, Lobster-snoot, tend to yer draw!" and he, shambling over the ties, forced to obey his tormentors, heard mingled with the gruff abuse of the fishermen that clear, insistent, airy sentence, "Lobster-snoot, Lobster-snoot, tend to yer draw!"

After that, with the exasperating repetition of childhood, they shouted it, content that what was once apropos was still efficient.

It was quite dark when Bleoo and Denmark returned that night. They had made a good catch, and their great baskets were brimming with fish as they came up over the bluff to their house. A knot of people were standing there watching them. Bleoo's mother said something which made him look at Denmark. Then the old woman took the Dane by the wrist and led him in. There on the long shining sofa lay the little Denmark, very still.

The mute grasped the boy's shoulder and shook him. The body moved stiffly. He began to understand. On the child's left temple was a blue triangle. Denmark turned, and making a swift motion toward his son, looked his question. The veins in his neck had swollen until they were almost the color of the wound in the little fellow's forehead. His lips were dry, and seemed to stick to his teeth. His face was frightful, notwithstanding there was in his eyes a look of animal pleading.

The others stood still, gazing awkwardly, each one fearing to attract his notice.

Bleoo's mother pointed at the boy's head, and then toward one of the wood-cuts on the wall. It was a locomotive. Slowly he nodded his head as one would say, "Yes, I know, I know." Unexpectedly he raised the well-knit little body, whose chest had already commenced to arch in the same curve as his own. He strode past them down to the sea. They came out and talked in low voices.

Breathing heavily, he clambered along under the dripping bastions of rock, over bowlders matted with sea-weed. Once a great Napoleon gull, startled from his slumber, fanned his face in flight.

To all those places where they had dreamed together, the two Denmarks went again. Before each spot, before each scene of some pleasure never to be renewed, he stopped, and looked long in the face of his child.

Then it came over him, at last, and uttering those inarticulate unearthly cries peculiar to mutes, he threw himself down on the rough-smelling weed, and rolled like a beast in agony.

Suddenly he remembered the mark on the boy's forehead, and taking little Denmark in his arms again, he toiled up a cut, heading for the railroad. He came to the bridge and stood there, looking at the web of iron and the glistening water beneath. The tide was rushing up from the sea.

Towards morning a train came and stopped, awaiting the signal. The bridge-tender opened the door of his cabin on the draw and walked toward the engine holding a lantern. At the entrance to the bridge was a little tool-house. Here he paused. To Denmark's keen sensibilities the throbbing of the water in the boiler of the locomotive was like the pulsation of a monstrous human heart.

The man waved his lantern three times, and the train started. The whistle of the engine, the roar of the bridge, the rattle of the track, all were unheard by the man who stood at one side with his child in his arms. To him its movement was noiseless as the drifting of smoke. He grew cold as it passed. Why had this thing which shook the earth changed his child?

All through the long days at sea he thought of it for weeks. The solitude of his existence deepened. His joy had been cut off with the only being that he loved.

Often at night he would go again and look at the bridge, like a child, concealing himself, not wishing to be seen by this thing. Step by step the engine became a familiar personality, fearfully alive, a being that breathed and ran, that acted as he did—by signs.

He thought of it unceasingly. In the early morning when the dull sun loomed through the mists, the poor fisherman, standing in the cold water, remembered the headlight of the locomotive. Sometimes on the level sea he would lie flat in their little boat and cry piteously for his boy, the little Denmark.

To this isolated mind the locomotive was malicious, terribly evil, cowardly, like a dog running with its ears down, but powerful, powerful as a storm.

One night he was at the bridge again. As before, he lay near the tool-house, in the sparse grass which was rough against his face as a cat's tongue. Over him the clouds, scudding across the moon, made of it a gigantic dark lantern, whitening the earth at intervals.

The bridge-tender came and put his lantern down by the tool-house. The train was behind time. Looking back, he saw a small schooner pointing for the draw. Now "Lobster-snoot" was a good-natured man after all, so he decided to let the fisherman through, for the wind was blowing sharply and the schooner would be difficult to manage, besides, the train was often late. He walked back. A moment after the train came up. The draw was about half open. Denmark sprang to his feet, caught the loop of the lantern, and waved three times. The tool-house was between him and the bridge-tender.

To his inexpressible joy the train moved forward. It went by him. As he waited, he blew in the side tube of the lantern and extinguished the light. The moon streamed out again, and he saw the engine and its one car sprawl forward like a falling child. It turned in the air, the car windows flashed, there was a cloud of steam, then darkness. A moment later he could see. The waters crowding up from the ocean were agitated, shimmering as though with a school of fish. Here and there floated some dark objects—the jetsam of the train.

Heaving the lantern into the river, Denmark set out for the village. The strong salt wind filled his lungs. Once he stopped and looked back, thinking of it all, smiling tenderly as only the little Denmark had ever seen him smile, and he was sure that the little Denmark would have been pleased.

THE CABINET.

No President has so completely taken the public into his confidence concerning his cabinet as Mr. Cleveland has at the beginning of his second term. It is usual to pretend to a secrecy that does not really exist. Ordinarily, the cabinet is revealed with the sentiments of the inaugural speech, and the one is actually as secret as the other, for the selected persons who are to be the advisers of the President for four years to come distribute their individual confidences so freely that they become public property, while those who wish to guess what the revelations of the speech will be have only to consult the President's party platform and his previous public utterances. Mr. Cleveland has left no room for guessing. As he has chosen definitely the different members of his cabinet, he has announced his decision to the country.

The first cabinet officer whom he chose was Mr. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky. The fitness of this selection was universally recognized. Mr. Carlisle has made his reputation as a public man on questions of public policy that relate to the department over which he is to preside. He was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Randall on the issue of tariff reform. At the same time he was known to be expert in all questions of the currency and on all laws relating in any way to the fiscal policy of the government. It was natural for Mr. Cleveland to turn to him for an adviser on the tariff issue, on which, mainly, the late campaign was conducted. In the recent financial troubles of the country arising from the existing silver law, Mr. Carlisle's advice has proved to be singularly sound and useful. He really began his duties as a cabinet officer weeks before he assumed office. Besides his knowledge of the affairs of his department, he is a sound constitutional lawyer, and is a safe and conservative man. No public man within the present generation has a more enviable reputation. He is fifty-eight years old. He is not college-bred. He has been a teacher, a lawyer of large experience, Lieutenant-Governor of his native State (Kentucky), an exceptional Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a leader in the Senate.

Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, the next Secretary of War, was an early choice for the cabinet. Mr. Lamont has been in politics in the State of New York during almost his entire manhood. He was born in Cortland, in the State of New York, in 1852. He is a graduate of Union College, and was one of Mr. Tilden's young lieutenants. He entered the service of the State in a subordinate capacity when Mr. Tilden was elected Governor. That astute politician found him of great service, and through his influence Lamont was made clerk to the Democratic State Committee. When Mr. Cleveland became Governor, Lamont was a reporter on the Albany *Argus*, whose proprietor then was Daniel Manning. He became private secretary to Mr. Cleveland, and as private secretary to the President in Mr. Cleveland's first term attained a national reputation. For several years he has been interested in a large way in railroad enterprises, and has developed an executive ability quite equal to his previously evinced skill as a politician. His judgment of men is most acute.

Mr. Wilson S. Bissell, the Postmaster-General, was another early selection. He was Mr. Cleveland's law partner when the new President was elected Mayor of Buffalo. He is a man of great force and character, and is especially remarkable for executive ability. There is no man in the State who has been a more persistent and successful enemy of the machine than Mr. Bissell. He, also, is a native of the State of New York, having been born in Oneida County in 1847. He is a graduate of Yale College.

The appointment that most surprised and most disappointed the politicians was that of Walter Q. Gresham to be Secretary of State. Until the last campaign he had been an active Republican, but in recent years he has grown sensibly away from that party on the tariff question. He is a declared enemy of what he denominates the plutocratic tendencies of his old party. He is sixty-one years old, and was born in Harrison County, Indiana. He is a graduate of Indiana University. He was a soldier in the Union army, and came out of the war as a Brigadier-General, known of all men who came in contact with him during the conflict as a man of excellent judgment and undoubted

courage. In 1883 President Arthur appointed him to be Postmaster-General, and he succeeded Secretary Folger as Secretary of the Treasury. He was the choice of many Republicans, the best element of the party, for the Presidential nomination in 1888. It is said that he lost the nomination by his refusal to accept the party's tariff policy. In the last campaign he announced his intention to vote for Mr. Cleveland on the tariff issue, without giving in his entire adhesion to the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland selected him as the best representative of the independent element that supported him.

Mr. Hoke Smith, who has been appointed to be Secretary of the Interior, is a young man who has won a high place at the Georgia bar. He was born in North Carolina, and is thirty-eight years old. He was a teacher before he became a lawyer, and won his success at the bar in litigations against railroad corporations. He was the leading Cleveland man of the South, and succeeded, after Mr. Hill had appeared to capture the State, in turning over to Mr. Cleveland the Georgia delegation.

Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, the Secretary of the Navy, has been a member of Congress from Alabama for fourteen years. He is sixty years old, and was born in South Carolina. He was a Colonel in the Confederate service, and lost an arm during the war. Other ex-Confederates have served in the cabinet, but Mr. Herbert is the first to serve at the head of either of the military services. He has for some time been a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives, and for two Congresses he has been chairman of the committee. He is thoroughly familiar with the work of the department, and is in entire sympathy with the policy of rebuilding the navy. No appointment could be more popular with the officers of the service than Mr. Herbert's.

Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, the Secretary of Agriculture, is one of the Democrats who have rendered the party great service in the Northwest. He is sixty-one years old, and is a native of Jefferson County, New York. He once served in the Nebraska Legislature, was acting Governor in 1858, and was three times the defeated candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. He has been an editor, is a farmer, and was the founder of Arbor day.

Richard Olney, the Attorney-General, is one of the leaders of the Boston bar, and one of the very first lawyers of the country. He has always been a Democrat, was twice offered and he twice declined a Supreme Court Justiceship of Massachusetts, and his name was presented to Mr. Cleveland for appointment to the Chief-Justiceship of the United States when Chief-Justice Fuller was named. He is about fifty-eight years old.

The cabinet is very strong, and will improve on acquaintance.

SENATOR-ELECT WILLIAM N. ROACH.

The people of North Dakota watched with interest the battle of the State legislators at Bismarck while they endeavored to select a United States Senator to succeed Lyman R. Casey on March 4th. The battle raged fiercely for several weeks, until February 20th, when, upon the sixty-first ballot, William N. Roach (Democrat) was chosen to represent the State as Senator at Washington. His election was brought about by a combination of Populists and Republicans, who sided with the twenty-three Democratic members. Ten Republicans came over to the Democrats, who had been joined by the Populists, and gave the coveted prize to Mr. Roach, who is described as a "clean-cut Democrat," in full sympathy with Mr. Cleveland. The Republicans held a majority of thirteen on joint ballot, but there were rival candidates in the field, representing different factions of the party, and after a long struggle the dissenting Republicans decided to end the contest by electing Mr. Roach. The result was a general surprise to every one, and particularly gratifying to the Democrats. Beyond this, it insures the Democrats full control of both Houses in Washington for two years after March 4th. For more than thirty years the Republicans have ruled the United States Senate, and until Mr. Roach's election it was doubtful whether the Democrats would have a majority in that body. As it now stands, the Vice-President will have the deciding vote on strictly Democratic measures. This does not count the Senator from Kansas, who is put down as a Democrat-Populist, or the possibility of a Democratic Senator from Kansas; neither does it include the four Populist Senators. Forty-four Democratic Senators are assured after March 4th—just one-half the body; while there will be thirty-seven Republicans, the five Populists referred to above, and two doubtful Senators to be chosen by the Legislatures of Montana and Washington respectively. So, under any conditions, the Democrats will have the majority.

William N. Roach is fifty-three years of age, having been born in Virginia in 1840. He was educated in Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., and engaged in business until 1879, when he went to the then Territory of Dakota. He settled in Grand Forks County, and proved himself a man of strength and progress. He assisted in laying out the town of Larimore, where he now lives, and served four terms as Mayor of the place. He was sent to the Dakota Legislature in 1884, being the only Democrat in the Assembly. After this he was twice appointed Regent of the University of North Dakota, and twice has he been the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State. Mr. Roach is a large wheat-grower, and deeply interested in the development of his adopted State. He is a widower, with a family of four children.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. James Payn does not subscribe to the opinion that copyright in England has checked the popularity of such poets as Tennyson. He holds, in the *Illustrated News*, that the quality of much of the best poetry is too high for an extended popular appreciation, however cheap its literary form might be. Of the averment of an American that Longfellow is familiar to uncounted English cottages where Tennyson costs too much to enter, he says: "It is a pity he didn't count them, for it would not have taken him long. Longfellow has not, of course, the depth of thought of Tennyson, but he has delicacy of feeling and expression that is over the head and out of the reach of the British cottager."

The Kansas City *Times* reports that—

"Major John H. Patterson, Third Infantry, who has been in temporary command of Fort Snelling during a brief absence on leave of the permanent post commander, Colonel E. C. Mason, has put himself on record as being in sympathy with the commanding officer of Fort Bliss as to the practice of enlisted men answering their officers with 'All right, sir,' 'Very good, sir,' etc. He has issued an order forbidding the use of this kind of language at Fort Snelling, and directs that enlisted men only answer with 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.'"

It is not for a layman to suggest that Major Patterson and the commanding officer of Fort Bliss are not right in their conceptions of the proprieties of military speech, or that their orders are not conducive to good discipline and the welfare of the service. It is undeniable, though, that these precise refinements of manner will strike the average American civilian as savoring more of the effete despotisms than of republican feeling. That there should be in the American army, as in other armies, a great gulf fixed between the private and the commissioned officer may be, like war and all that pertains to it, a necessary evil. The fact that in our army it is largely a hypothetical gulf, instituted for convenience of discipline, may make it all the more requisite that its dimensions should be accentuated by trifles. So perhaps Major Patterson is right in rejecting "All right, sir," and stickling for plain "Yes, sir," and it is only the misfortune of his case that he should make the observer in the black coat grin when he does it.

This may not be the right place, therefore, to commend the remarks of a contributor to the Contributor's Club of a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who discourses on certain small particulars wherein English manners differ from American. The English gentleman, he finds, never says "sir" to any except royal persons; the American gentleman often says "sir" to his elders, and commonly to such of his equals as he desires to treat with respect. So the ideal American gentleman aims to be courteous to his inferiors (as he regards them), and at least as civil to his servants as they are to him. Whereas, this contributor says, "The English servant or underling likes to be treated brusquely and arrogantly . . . and the English gentleman seldom fails to gratify him."

Most of us who are good Americans believe that American manners are based on sound ideas, and would far rather see our cousins emulate our behavior than ourselves swing at all into line with theirs. Only in "the service" it is possible that American manners may be less serviceable than elsewhere, and English manners more desirable; and if that is so it is a pity, and the officers are entitled to our sympathy and an increase of pay.

Some officers of the navy, by-the-way, are reported to be shaking in their shoes at the thought of the burdens of entertainment they are likely to incur in connection with the great naval demonstration in honor of the Columbus Fair. There is no limit to the American naval officer's hospitality, but a short time will usually suffice to take soundings in his purse. Hence he awaits the impending visit of schools of brilliant European mariners with sentiments wherein delight is not unmixed with trepidation. In his heart he has a welcome for all his maritime brethren, but in his pocket—well, he is said to be looking about for something to hypothecate. Inasmuch as Uncle Sam seldom feels disposed to spend his own money for the entertainment of his guests, it is easier to offer our naval fellow-citizens our sincere sympathy than to suggest appropriate measures for their relief.

The proposed popular movement for the purchase and preservation of Lowell's home, Elmwood, in Cambridge, can hardly go very far in the face of the information that comes from Mr. Lowell's daughter that the poet himself took adequate measures to "save" Elmwood for a time at least by leaving it to his grandchildren. His daughter, Mrs. Burnett, who lives there now, is well satisfied with that method, which, to be sure, seems reasonably effectual.

There seems to be a timely enthusiasm for saving things in Massachusetts just now, which finds most of its vent in the effort to keep the electric cars off Boston Common. But it does not end there. There is, or was very recently, a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature to save the Waverly Oaks by making them State property, and about the same time record was made in the newspapers of the reclamation of the Wayside Inn at Sudbury by members of the Howe family. The one venerable relic that the Bay Commonwealth seems disposed to give up is Fast Day. The Governor recommends its abolition, and a majority of the Boston ministers sustain him, all agreeing that a spring holiday should be invented to serve in its stead. The main trouble with Fast Day seems to be that Boston and the Bay State generally are fairly well satisfied with themselves and their affairs, and have not felt the need, these many years, of fasting or special humiliation. Consequently the day has emerged entirely from its official uses, and taken rank as a cheerful spring holiday, especially fit, when the climate permits, for the opening of the baseball season. Most individuals who do want to fast in these days in Massachusetts prefer to do it on Good-Friday; so that the chances are that the name of Fast Day will presently be changed to one better suited to its present nature, and a new and somewhat warmer date assigned to it.

The following appreciative lines were evoked by the recent exploit of Mr. Paderewski in playing at a concert given in New York by the Adamowski Quartet with a felon close to the end of the second finger of his right hand. The authorship of the lines is decently gauzed in uncertainty, but the internal evidence seems to implicate Mr. Field, of Chicago, whose musical enthusiasm is almost as notorious as his verse.

"Bully for Paderewski!
His hair is full of ginger.
He played for Adamowski
With a felon on his finger.

"2500 heard him,
And never one of them grumbled
Nor wanted her money back,
Because he never fumbled

"A note nor let any get by him,
But played in ever line of 'em,
Not using his crippled finger;
He done it all with nine of 'em.

"Bully for Paderewski!
His action's on the square.
There's lots of ginger in him
Besides what's in his hair."

"There are kinds of business," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "in which a man acquires wealth by injuring his neighbor. That is the business of the bank-robber, and the burglar, and the gambler, and the lottery-dealer, and, in the main, of the liquor-seller." Of course Dr. Abbott's catalogue isn't complete, for there is nothing about the cigarette-maker or the promoter in it. But is it not significant of the improved reputation of an important and fast-growing branch of business that he should have felt at liberty to omit to specify the man who sells his brother a horse, and that, too, in the very season when horse-dealing is about to begin again?

Mrs. Cleveland is quoted as against crinoline. But in this she is not singular, since, so far as appears, no American woman has permitted herself to be named as an upholder of crinoline in fact or in prospect.

The newspapers have recently been attentive to Mrs. Cleveland to the extent of accrediting to her a private secretary, determining the said secretary's duties, and naming the salary which she is to receive; all of which is kind and thoughtful, though open to the suggestion of superserviceableness.

An analogous instance of redundant solicitude appears in a contemporaneous paragraph, which, alluding to the capture by a lady in easy circumstances of the five-hundred-dollar prize at the New York Water-color Society's exhibition, records that the feeling is expressed that, being rich, she ought not to keep it herself, but should present it to the Art Students' Association or some similar philanthropy. It would be strange indeed if a woman who was enough of an artist to win a five-hundred-dollar prize wasn't artist enough to spend it without supervision.

When the judiciary requires to be chastised, there is no one who administers correction with so much dignity, discretion, and loving kindness, as Mr. Joseph Choate. And yet, for all the suavity of Mr. Choate's ministrations, for days after them the beneficiary is thankful for the upholstery that intervenes between himself and the bench.

The "parties" who have been having so much fun with the name of the Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, may be somewhat disconcerted to learn that Mr. Smith was named after his grandfather, Michael Hoke, and that his real name is Michael Hoke Smith. It is all very well to make game of a Smith whose name is Hoke, but to trifle with a Smith whose appellation is Mike is quite a different matter, particularly in the eyes of the particular journals that have paid the new Secretary of the Interior such an affluence of attention.

The death of General Beauregard recalls to an old contributor to Harper's Weekly the unusual circumstances under which his last interview with Beauregard took place. He writes:

"When in Confederate service I was thrown in with General Beauregard in a fairly singular manner, and the incident of my coming across him would have made a neat episode for Archibald Forbes. It was two days after the fall of Columbia, South Carolina, and I had been ordered on ticklish service, which was to scout as near to Columbia as possible.

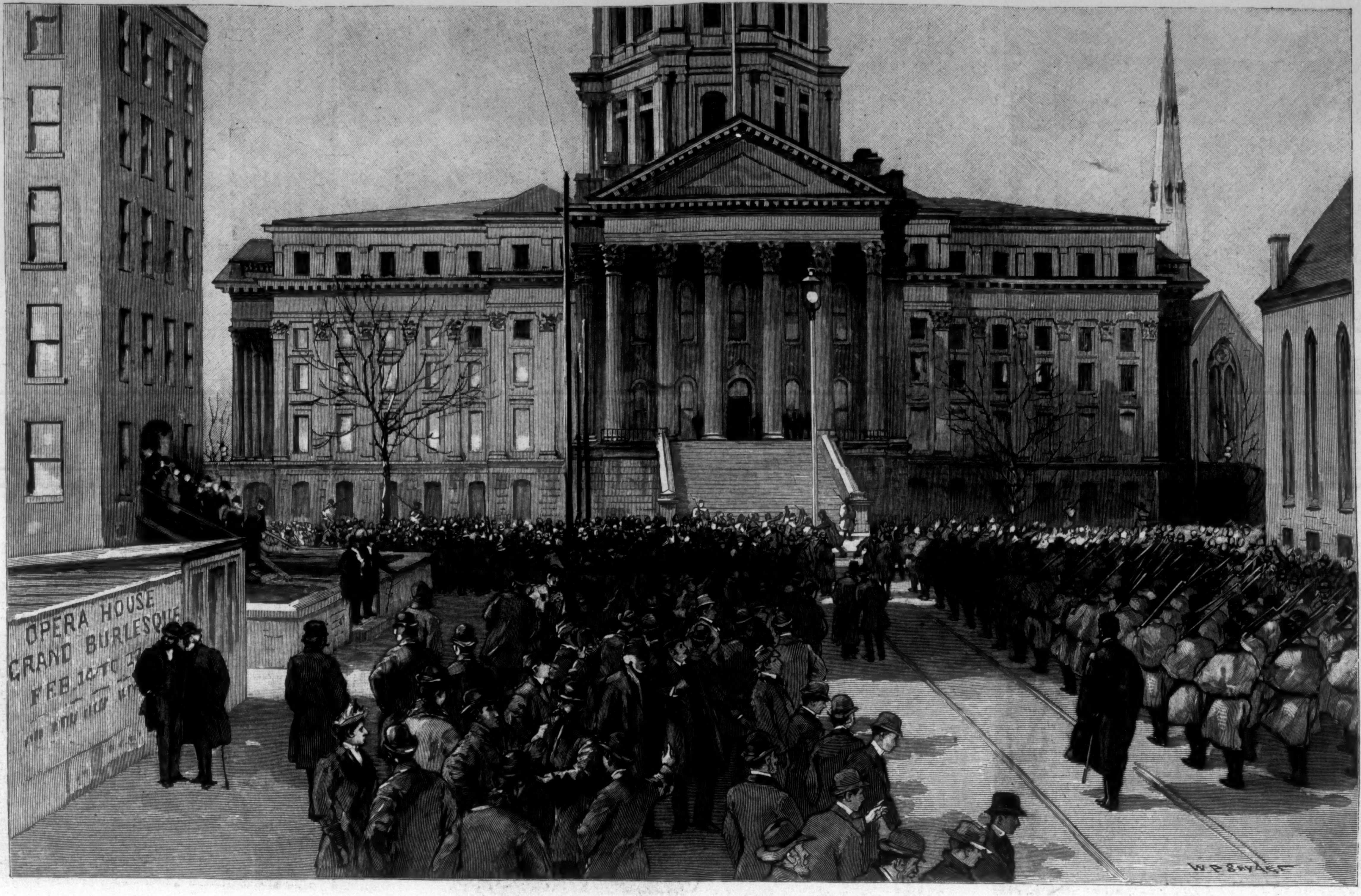
"I had been working on from dawn, and fairly familiar with the country, avoiding the roads, I had taken short-cuts across the woods. I made out beyond a clump of trees a man, somewhat Napoleonesque in attitude, for his hands were clasped behind his back. He was striding to and fro before some embers. Peering through the thicket which screened me, I knew it was General Beauregard. It never would have done to have bounced in on him. My arrival was a surprise. He wheeled quickly, as if on a pivot, and faced me. I told him that if he remained an hour more where he was bivouacking, he stood a fair chance of being captured.

"He certainly did not know the danger he was in. I was probably much more excited than was General Beauregard, for he received the information I gave him with perfect *sang-froid*. Then he called to an officer—who was his aid, I suppose—who came in, tottering under an armful of wood, and addressed him in French. As I was familiar with French, I said, 'General Beauregard, English or French are about the same to me, so if you do not wish me to understand what you are saying, I had better go away.' I again explained conditions to him, giving him fuller details. In a few minutes the mule was harnessed, the wagon crashed through the brush, and that was the last I saw of General Beauregard.

"Wanting to learn whether he remembered the incident, I wrote him in November, 1884, and this is a portion of his courteous reply: 'I have a recollection of the incident. I have no doubt that you saw me much troubled in mind. When you came suddenly upon me on the road I was still in doubt as to which route to follow.'

"Two hours afterwards five companies of United States cavalry, four hundred strong, were scouring that South Carolina wood."

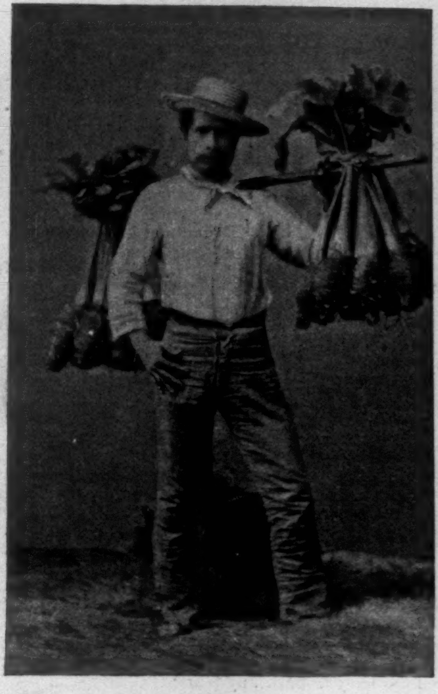
E. S. Martin.



THE KANSAS TROUBLE AT TOPEKA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from Photographs by C. G. Willett and Sketches by H. Worrall made on the Spot.—[See Page 210.]

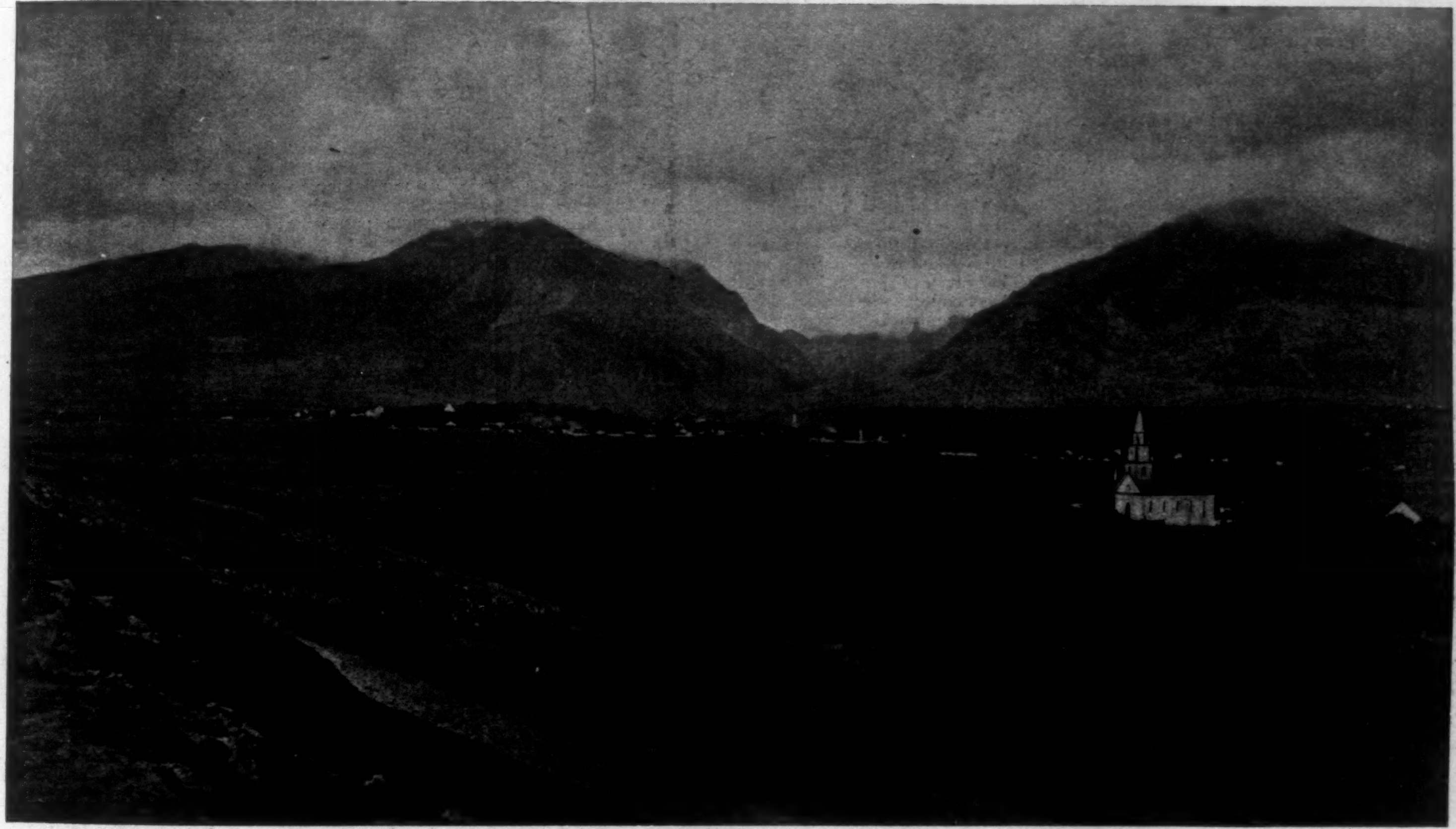
Arrival of the Militia at the East Wing of the State Capitol on the Afternoon of February 16th.

HAWAIIAN HULA DANCER.

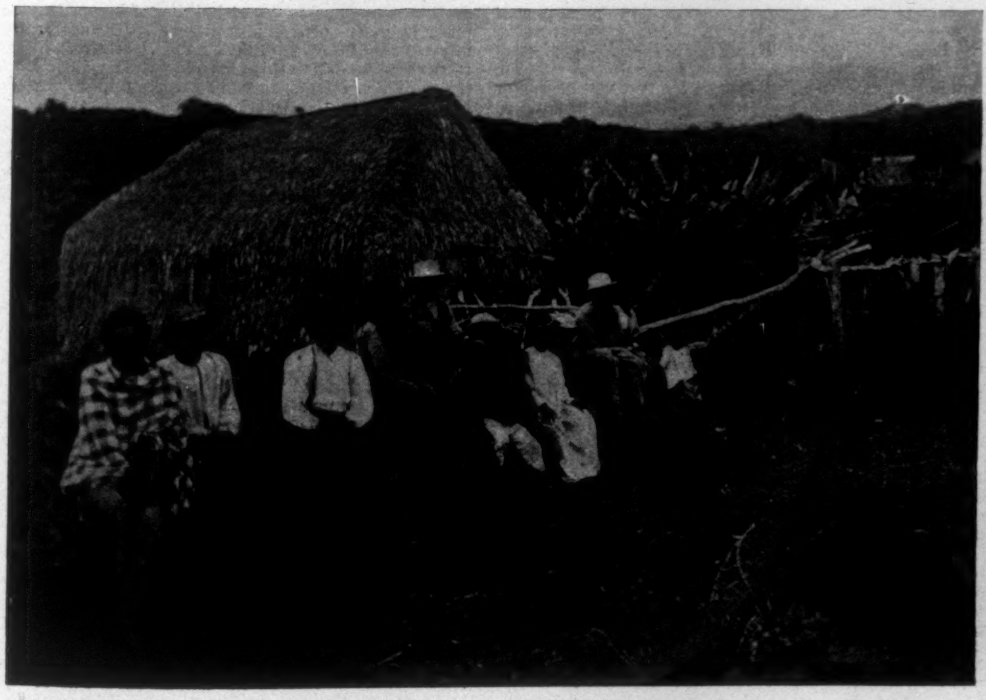


TARO PLANT.

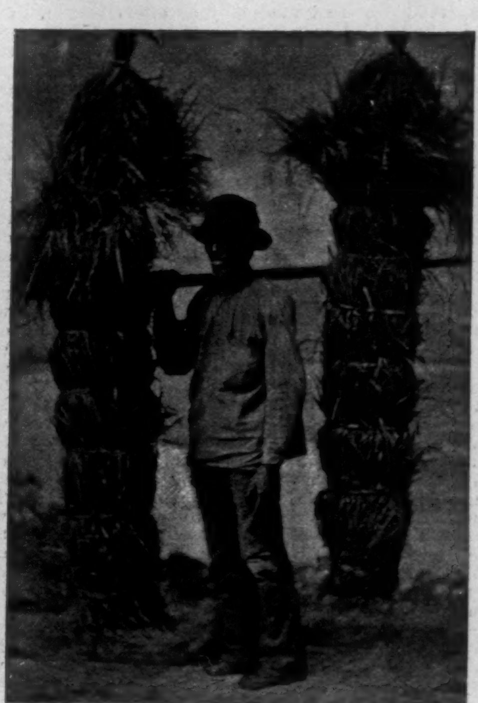
RIDING COSTUME.



WAIHE, ISLAND OF MAUI, ADJOINING KAHULIU, CLAUS SPRECKELS'S ENTRY PORT.



HAWAIIAN HOUSEHOLD GROUP.



HAY SELLER.

SKETCHES OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

TRIUMPHS OF ENGINEERING.

The descriptive writers who have visited Chicago, where preparations are making for the opening of the World's Fair, have been so captivated by the architectural and artistic achievements that they have to a great extent lost sight of the engineering triumphs that made the other achievements possible. To erect and roof such large temporary buildings required engineering skill of a very high order—the skill of the bridge-builder rather than that of the designing architect. It may be a nobler achievement to make a beautiful picture or design a great building than to plan and construct a wonderful roof or bridge. That is as we value what is æsthetic and what is merely utilitarian. But when an engineer, working in a material like iron, which in building does not easily lend itself to beautiful effects, succeeds in accomplishing his primal object, which is utilitarian, and combines with it the effect of beauty, then we should award to that man praise both as engineer and artist. And this is what Mr. E. C. Shankland, the Engineer of Construction of the World's Columbian Exposition, has succeeded in doing in two notable instances in designing roofs for the great buildings in Chicago. I allude to the roofs of Machinery Hall and of the Building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

The latter building has a roof which in span is only approached by two roofs in the world, those two being the St. Pancras Station in London, and the Machinery Hall for the exposition in Paris. This roof of the Chicago building is somewhat larger than either of the other two, and more remarkable in several regards. As an engineering achievement its erection was little short of marvellous, for all of the twenty-two spans, 368 feet in width and 206 feet in height, were in place within eight months after the contract was signed. This was the frame-work for a roof 1268 feet long, and in it were 13,000,000 pounds of iron. Of course, under any circumstances, this work would have had to be done quickly, but this great roof was really an after-thought, and when it was decided upon it needed to be erected with extraordinary despatch. As Mr. George Post, the architect, originally designed the building there was to have been an open court in the centre, and the present large floor space decreased by that much. The space was soon found to be inadequate, and after much discussion it was decided to roof over the open court and throw it all within the building, thus making it the largest building ever erected in the world, and a roof so spacious that it could comfortably cover either the French or German army. Mr. Shankland is a young man, somewhat under forty, and was graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic at Troy, New York, in 1878. He then served under the Mississippi and Missouri River Commission, and later with the Canton Bridge Building Company. For several years before the beginning of work at Jackson Park he had been with Burnham & Root, the Chicago architects.

E. C. SHANKLAND.

There is a difference in temperature between extreme cold and extreme warm weather in Chicago of at least 120 degrees, and this the engineer had to take into careful consideration in designing this large roof, for one extreme of temperature contracts and the other expands iron very considerably. This winter when it was 20 degrees below zero the arches were five and a half inches lower than they had been last summer when they were finished. This was not enough deflection to do any material harm, and Mr. Shankland has been congratulated by brother engineers on the success of his work. Indeed, Mr. James Dredge, a member of the British commission and editor of the English paper *Engineering*, has said that he thought the erection of this roof the most notable illustration within his knowledge of American capacity "to attack the problem of providing structures of great size to serve a temporary purpose without betraying their transient purpose." And in that remark Mr. Dredge showed his entire appreciation of Mr. Shankland's very successful achievement. In his paper Mr. Dredge devoted considerable space to explaining the very ingenious method by which two of these arches were erected every five days.

When one visits the Liberal Arts Building the attention is very soon taken from the vastness of the floor space, and attracted to the great roof that spans the centre of the building. This was so when the building was empty; it will probably be much more the case when the building is filled with exhibits, and the only appreciation of the vastness of the structure can be obtained by looking up. At the first glance the arches and girders seem very light, almost as light as spiders' webs. But there is never for a moment a feeling that it is too light or in any sense insecure. Indeed, one never thinks of that at all, or of anything else save the graceful appropriateness of the whole design to the purpose it serves. And in doing this Mr. Shankland has accomplished not only an engineering but an artistic triumph. In speaking of this, Mr. Frank Millet, in that peculiarly enthusiastic way which is at once all his own and altogether charming, said, "This is the first time that iron has been made beautiful." Whether this be the very first time or not, this iron-work is certainly beautiful.

I have given myself no space to speak adequately of the roof of Machinery Hall. This is also artistic in effect, and entirely pleasing. When it was designed it was intended to carry the shafting, and was made heavier on that account. The shafting has been accommodated in another way. Had Mr. Shankland known that this would be so when he designed the roof, he probably would have made it different and lighter. But these were only two of the almost countless problems to be solved by the Department of Construction. The architects of the various buildings only made general plans. The engineers of construction had to attend to all the details of construction, such as determining strains and superintending the work. This has been done so quietly by these skilful and hard-working men that they have as yet been celebrated only in the technical journals. One of them said to me when I asked why we had not heard of the wonderful engineering work done at Jackson Park, "Oh, we have been too busy to blow any trumpets."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The resources of Mr. Daly's theatre and company, which can hardly be equalled outside of half a dozen of the first continental theatres of Europe, have been amply shown throughout the series of most successful revivals which he has given during the present season. Each production has been complete in itself, and has been given with most notable attention to every detail of scenery, costume, and accessories of time and place, and each, all in all, has been admirable of its kind. Possibly the most complete and the most enjoyable of the productions thus far was that of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which was revived, after an interval of several years, at Daly's Theatre last week—for the first time in that theatre; and the production was rendered still further interesting by the fact that Miss Rehan essayed for the first time the part of Viola. The last notable revival of *Twelfth Night* in America was that given by Mr. Henry Irving during his second American season, in which Miss Terry played Viola—a rôle which has been assumed by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Miss Adelaide Neilson, and 'most all other great actresses. In many respects, and especially as arranged by Mr. Daly, *Twelfth Night* is Shakespeare's strongest acting comedy, and one was particularly struck with the wonderful beauty, delicacy, and strength of the language and sentiment. In one thing, certainly, no progress has been made in dramatic art since Shakespeare's time, and that is in the use of the English language. Is it not curious that, with all the accumulated learning and civilization since that time, no other dramatist or dramatic writer has been able to wield words with such marvellous color and effect? The stage pictures which Mr. Daly presents to us in this revival are at all times a delight. The artistic care bestowed upon them was evident, although the groupings of colors were not at all times as harmonious as they might have been made. The general effect of the whole, however, with the added interest of the music, the groupings, and the thousand and one details which the technically unlearned observer would pass by almost unnoticed, made up a series of pictures which called forth repeatedly expressions of unwonted pleasure and delight on the part of the audience.

Miss Rehan's impersonation of Shakespeare's most sympathetic heroine was, on the whole, and allowing for the evident nervousness of a first appearance in a new character made famous by many previous exquisite interpretations, admirable, and at all times satisfactory. In appearance her Viola was altogether charming; she was winsome and gracious by turns, spirited and sympathetic, and barring a slight tendency to drag in the delivery of certain passages, such as the lines beginning, "She never told her love," her recital of them was marked by grace, refinement, and great taste and purity of diction. Possibly she took Viola a trifle seriously, and there was at times, especially in the lighter passages, a certain restraint and lack of freedom noticeable, which was probably due to her evident effort to rise to the classical plane of the part. Altogether, her Viola ought to be ranked among Miss Rehan's best impersonations, and the great success which she attained in this rôle will doubtless be emphasized by future experience in the part. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Catherine Lewis (who was welcomed with pleasure after an absence of several years), as Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria, respectively, made a trio who carried the fun of the piece to uproarious success. Although a small man, comparatively speaking, Mr. Lewis made Sir Toby appear as large as we are accustomed to see him, and was, indeed, fat with humor; while Mr. Herbert presented the lean-sided and whimsical comicality of Sir Andrew with almost equal effect. Miss Lewis, moving in an atmosphere of recollections and past comic-opera triumphs, was as sprightly and vivacious a Maria as need be.

After seeing Mr. Henry Irving, one is inclined to quarrel with Mr. George Clarke's reading of the part of Malvolio. From his appearance and acting one would suppose that it was no presumption on the part of Malvolio to cast sheep's-eyes at Olivia, and that the steward was really a fine gentleman, rather than the pompous preposterous ass, the veritable personification of a gentleman's gentleman, that Shakespeare intended him to be. Instead of being a figure of fun in the famous yellow stockings and cross-garters, Mr. Clarke made Malvolio a very handsome gentleman indeed, which was certainly farthest removed from the author's intention. Altogether, Mr. Clarke entirely missed the dry humor of a character which in the hands of Mr. Irving made Malvolio almost the central figure of the play. Mr. Daubigny made a well-favored, gay, and sprightly clown, and sang his music and went through his antics with much grace and picturesqueness. Miss Prince made a graceful Olivia; Mr. Herbert was as good as need be as Sebastian; and the other characters were sufficiently well taken not to mar the symmetry of the entire production, which may be certainly set down as one of Mr. Daly's most successful efforts. Not a little of the charm of the piece was due to the music by Purcell, Bishop, Dr. Arne, and others, selected and arranged by Mr. Widner, which was introduced throughout the piece, the quartet and chorus by Schubert, which brought down the curtain in the third act, being particularly graceful and effective. Where such minute attention to detail and appropriate surroundings is given it is, however, difficult to understand how Mr. Daly could permit his characters to sing and talk about sitting up all night and its being time to go to bed in broad daylight, as they do in the second scene of Act II. in Olivia's house. The next production of the series will be the long-promised Japanese play, entitled, *The Queen of Smiles.*

Fortune does not seem to smile upon Mr. Hammerstein in his operatic undertakings. His English opera was short-lived, and his announced season of French opera, which bade fair to be more than usually attractive on account of the important operatic novelties promised, failed to materialize at all. So far as the future of the Metropolitan Opera-house is concerned, things seem to be shaping themselves in such a way that a season of opera next year seems fortunately to be more than probable. Mr. Abbey is willing to assume the responsibilities of managing the Metropolitan for operatic purposes, should he be able to come to a satisfactory arrangement with the present owners, and things seem to indicate that such an arrangement will be possible. It is a pity in some respects that the Metropolitan Opera-house is as large as it is, as its size limits the choice of operas to be given there. Such pieces as *Lakme*, and even *Carmen*, are lost on its stage, and the surroundings seem to preclude the possibility of successfully giving the lighter operas there. The success which has attended Mr. Daly's revivals of standard works with a regularly organized theatre and stock company, suggests the idea, which has already been mooted in musical circles, that it might be possible to establish a theatre on similar lines, with a regular company, where the lighter class of operas might be regularly given; in other words, that an opéra comique might be not only an artistic possibility, but also a practical one in this city. There can be no question about the popularity of light opera, properly so called, and were a company similar in organization and design to Mr. Daly's from a musical stand-point to be formed, and a permanent home found for it, where a season of revivals and productions of standard and legitimate musical works might be given every year, there would, one would think, be little doubt as to its popularity and ultimate success, both financially and artistically.

Just such a theatre has recently been started in Paris. The well-known Renaissance Théâtre in Paris, which for years past has resounded to the strains of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Offenbach and Lecoq, Hervé and Audran, has recently changed its name, and become the Théâtre Lyrique. The recent policy of the Paris Opéra Comique has been such as to banish more and more from its stage that class of piece which might be called lyric comedy, which stands midway between opéra bouffe and lyric opera of the style of *Carmen;* and the new Théâtre Lyrique has been organized with a view to provide a home for pieces of this description. This theatre has been recently inaugurated successfully with the production of *Madame Chrysanthème*, a really comic opera—the book based on the well-known story of Pierre Loti, the music by M. Audrey Messager. Almost every one has read M. Loti's charming Japanese sketch, which treats of one of those marriages *à temps* which are a recognized custom in Japan. The story of the young French lieutenant and his bride for the time being, as told by M. Loti, is one of sentimental incident rather than developed sequence, but appears from all accounts to have been set by M. Messager in true comic-opera style, with taste, elegance, delicacy, and finesse. M. Messager alone among French composers of the present day holds up the standard of genuine and legitimate comic opera raised by Adam and Aubert. While he writes essentially in the modern spirit, his style is clear, melodious, and limpid. We shall have an opportunity of judging of his quality as a composer by means of his charming work *La Basoche*, which is now holding the stage at the Casino. Occasion will be taken to refer at length to this charming work a little later. Its production at the Casino will afford an opportunity of gauging the taste of the American public for a legitimate musical work, which is at the same time sufficiently light in character and treatment to amuse. If it shall be found attractive by the public, it will be a very hopeful indication for the future of this class of work in this country. M. Messager was born in 1853, and is a pupil of Saint-Saëns. Only one work of his, *La Fauvette du Temple*, has been previously heard in this country. Now that *Giroflé-Girofla* will shortly occupy the stage at the Garden Theatre, it would seem as if public taste were to be exhaustively questioned on the subject of French comic-opera music. *La Basoche*, however, is an entirely different style of piece from *Giroflé-Girofla*, and represents the musical development of over twenty years in this direction.

Second thoughts are somewhat best, after all, and on his second appearance in New York Mr. George Grossmith seems to have appealed much more strongly to the sympathies of the amusement-loving public of New York than on his first appearance. In his particular field Mr. Grossmith is certainly a master; his humor, though dry and somewhat satiric, is telling and legitimate, and his capabilities as a mimic and character-delineator are strongly marked. We have not hitherto been as familiar with the class of entertainments offered by Mr. Grossmith in this country as they are in England. Those unfamiliar with the process are almost disinclined to believe that a man and a piano, with their own unaided exertions, can afford one so much amusement and entertainment; but a single hearing of Mr. Grossmith will convince the most unbelieving that almost unlimited amusement can be obtained by such apparently simple means; and those who have gone once will certainly go again, as no one with a refined sense of humor can fail to be amused at Mr. Grossmith's whimsical way of treating modern fashions and foibles from a pleasantly satiric standpoint.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

A TYPICAL "BLOCK" STATION.

RAILROAD SAFETY APPLIANCES.

BY A. E. WATROUS, WITH DRAWINGS BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

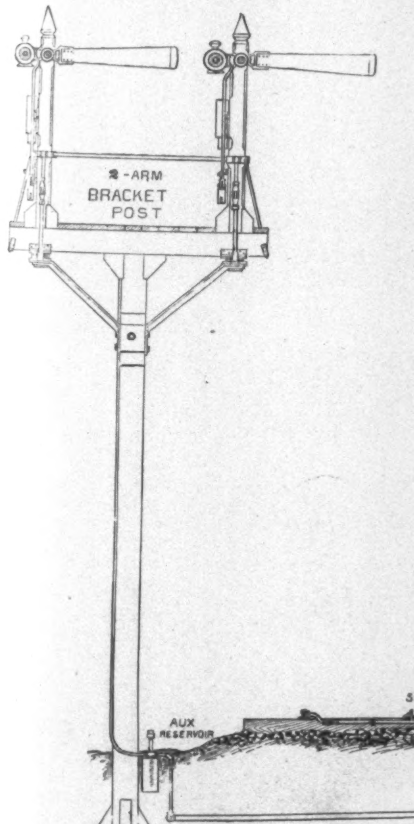
THE great arch of the train-shed seems to float on the fog. The thin blades of the semaphores seem to cut great gashes into the body of it as they rise and fall in mute, awkward obedience to some invisible power that climbs their gaunt standards high above the dripping tracks of the Jersey City yard. There is fog on the land; the glistening metals are lost in the gray thick fleece of it before the eye has followed their course a dozen rail lengths out on their long pathways to the four corners of the continent. There is fog on the river. The big beetling ferry-boats come butting their way through walls of it so thick that it would not surprise you if they fell landward and crushed the flimsy wooden ferry-houses into their own slips.

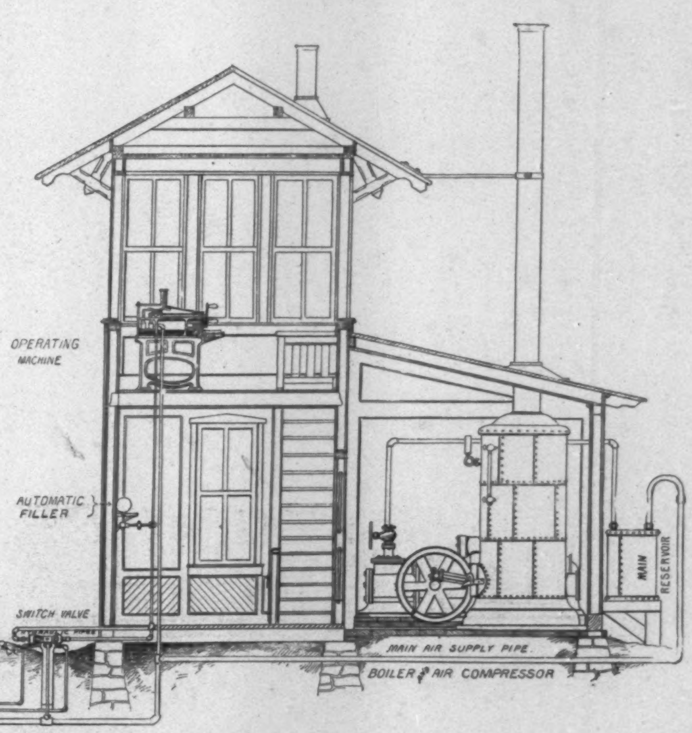
Fog like the mist that slept on sea and land the day of Arthur's last weird battle in the West, a mist wherein the knights went mad, and tilted at shapes of fog rather than shapes of flesh. Fog that breeds delusions, in short, of ear and eye. So when you hear a short sharp wh-i-i-sh, as of escaping steam suddenly cut off, almost at your feet, and look and see that there is no steam vent there, you think your senses have tricked you. You think that they tricked you too into the belief that there was a certain wavering in the web of gleaming tracks, a certain change of figures in their intricate pattern following the whi-i-sh. And last of all you are sure that they have tricked you when the glimmer and rumble that you saw and heard come out of the mist far down the southernmost of the tracks grow into a glare and a roar, and come to a panting rest on the northernmost of the tracks under the floating arch of the great train-shed.

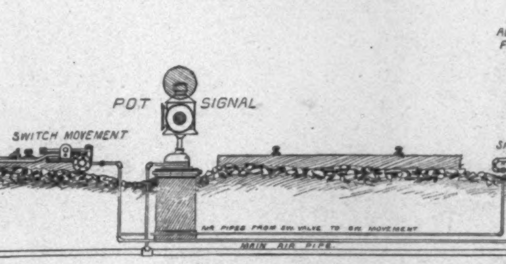
Illusion certainly, for, like King Arthur, on that day you have "looked across the field of battle, and no man was moving there." There is nothing but that wh-i-i-sh which you are not certain you heard, and that wavering of the interlacing pattern of rails which you are not certain you saw, to prove to you that without apparent human intervention the Occidental Vestibule Limited, which ran out of the fog of the line on the southernmost of twelve tracks has run into the fog of the train-shed on the northernmost of them.

Nothing but the wh-i-i-sh and the wavering of the metals in the rain! They are the outward and visible signs of the last evolution of the original block system. They are the external evidences of the electric, pneumatic interlocking switch and signal device, the automatic guardian angel of each of the hundreds of reckless, resistless spirits of steam and smoke which flit daily in and out of their home under the floating arch.

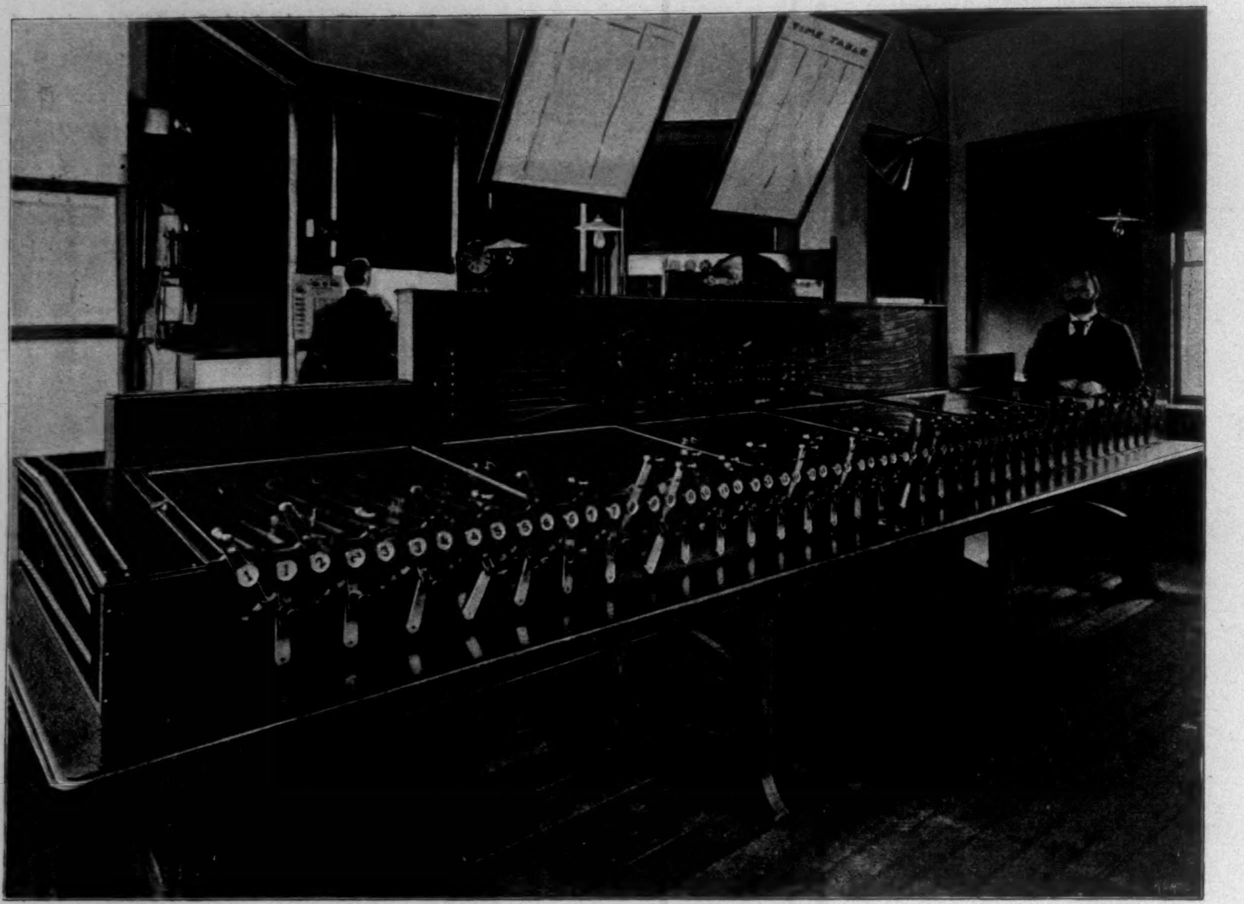
The hand that presses the button rules the world nowa-







SHOWING CONNECTIONS AND OPERATIONS OF THE NEW PNEUMATIC INTERLOCKING SWITCH SYSTEM.



PNEUMATIC SWITCHBOARD.

days. The electric signal is the symbol of authority. The stage queen no longer calls "What ho, without." She touches an ivory disk set in the wall. The stage autocrat, generally the minister of police, no more commands the guards to seize the hero in the first act and the villain in the last. He puts his thumb determinedly upon the button set in his desk. No work of the large and successful class of *literati* who find in each new device of civilization, the parlor-car, the telephone, the elevator, new materials in which to drape the old lay figures of romance is genuine unless an electric signal of some kind is, so to speak, blown in the glass. In real life we read of the British commandant at Bermuda sitting in the citadel with a map of the harbor and an electric keyboard before him. He has but to touch one of the electric keys, and whatever portion of the harbor that he pleases goes roaring and spouting skyward as the electric spark kindles the submarine mine, and the enemy's vessel which floated above the torpedo goes with it. What in illustrative art has caused more comment, attracted more attention, than that which on the front page of this periodical a short time ago depicted the modern naval captain in the conning-tower of a man-of-war fighting his ship with the electric bell?

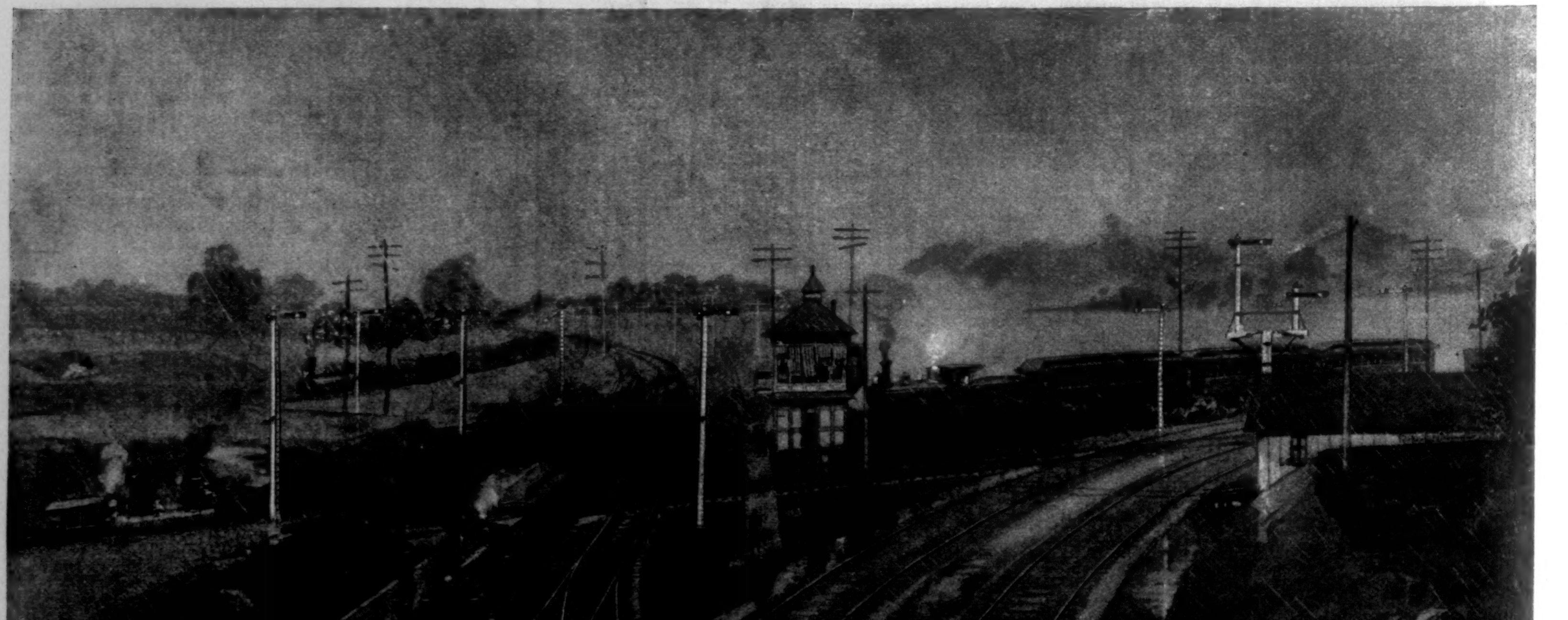
But all these posè people, stage queens and autocrats, commandants, commanders, fine *fin de siècle* ladies in the novels and sketches, are triflers compared with that man who sits up there in the little brick tower, to whose authority answer the wh-i-i-sh and the shifting of the pattern of the tracks. He exercises more electric authority in an hour sometimes than all these people do in a lifetime. The manœuvring of a squadron, the defence of a harbor, are nothing to his daily duties. A week's work puts more of life, more of property valuation in his hands, more of responsibility on his shoulders, than have fallen to the lot of all the blue and gold or scarlet and bullion commanders and commandants combined of Great and Greater Britain for the last generation.

You would not think so. He does not pose the way gentlemen do who are painted in their libraries. He sits in the big bay-window of the tower, but his eye does not "sweep" the tracks which he commands. He merely seems to glance at them. He has a round, good-natured face, without a particularly alert expression. It is ornamented by a blond mustache turned up at the ends in the same way a thousand barbers in New York daily turn up the ends of ten thousand blond mustaches. His elbows rest comfortably on the desk in front of him as he looks out upón the tracks. The only distinguishing mark about his personality is a faded fez, doubtless a relic of some secret society regalia, which he wears as office head-gear. He rams down the ashes in the bowl of an unlighted brier-wood pipe with his little finger, and calls, in an even voice, "Nine to naught west-bound."

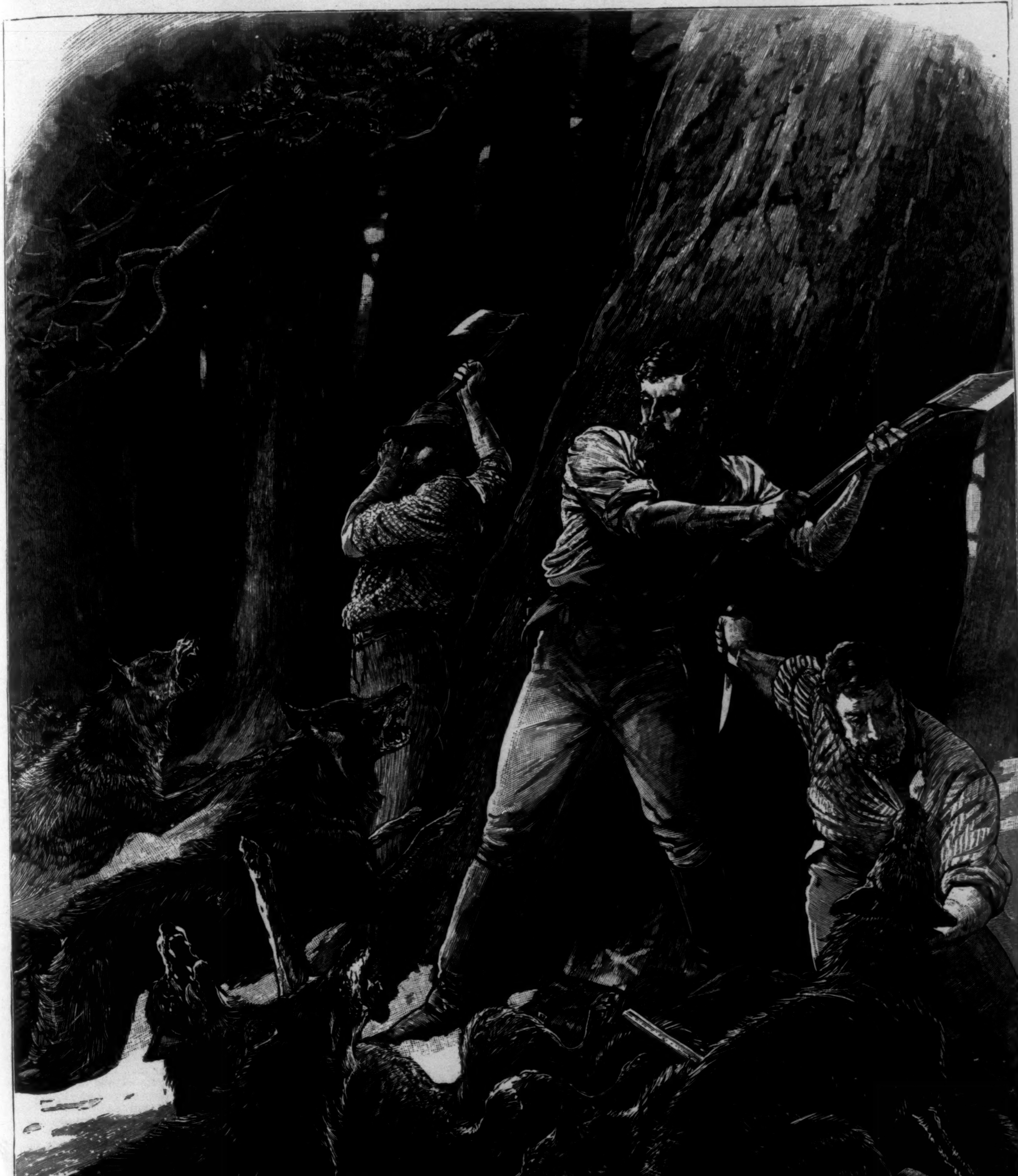
Behind him is a glass-topped case about the size of a grand-piano box. The case is, to the eye, full of metal cylinders. From the front of the case project about sixty handles, half of which are numbered in black, half of them in red. Each is, or seems to be, the handle of a cylinder. Before the handles stands a smooth-faced, boyish-looking young man. As he hears the numbers called his hands begin to travel over the handles, like a piano-player's over keys. 29, 21, 23, 20, 17, 13, 12, 7, 8 on the black-numbered handles he touches; then the same numbers on the red. As he touches the first of the numbers, the interlacing tracks over toward the north side of the yard begin to waver, though up here in the tower we cannot hear the gush of compressed air which precedes the wavering. As his fingers fly along the handles, the wavering flies across the rails. Finally, as he touches the last of the red-numbered handles, one of the red-bladed semaphores on the high standard in front of the train-shed droops from its horizontal position to an angle of sixty degrees. Then a train of empty passenger-coaches comes sliding out of the train-shed, passes from track 9 to track 0 *viá* switches 29, 21, 23, 20, 17, 13, 12, 7, and 8, as you see on the model of the yard—black ground, with bright brass tracks—above the glass-topped case.

Cause and effect, the calling of the number, the touching of the keys, the shifting of the switches, the falling of the signal, are all so plain that it looks simple. It is really as intricate as the net-work of wires running from the glass-topped case down through the base of the tower and thence to each of the pneumatic switches, where each electric connection takes the place of a man. It is so simple that roads which have tried it without first training their train directors and assistants had to abandon it. Before this road in whose yard and tower we have been put it into operation it

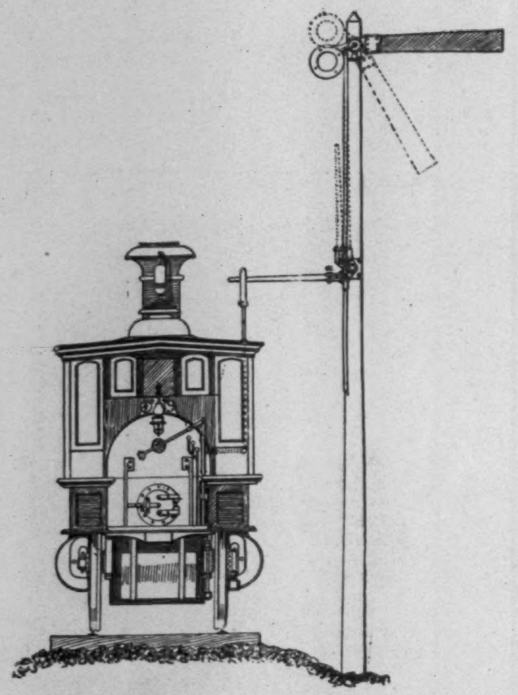
(*Continued on page 206.*)



SYSTEM OF INTERLOCKING SWITCHES, DILLERSVILLE JUNCTION, PENNSYLVANIA.



DANGERS OF CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.—[See Page 207.]



AUTOMATIC BRAKE-SETTING ATTACHMENTS TO SIGNAL AND LOCOMOTIVE.

(Continued from page 204.)

let a half-dozen drilling engines into the yard, and let the train-director and his assistant switch them around for days before trying their hands on the regular traffic of the line.

Sometimes, when business is brisk, the train-director calls for about two "movements" to the second. A "movement" is not of a single switch, but of an engine from one track to another, thus necessitating the handling of ten switches. Then it is that the assistant's hands fly over his keyboard at a speed that would distance the longest-haired Polish pianist of them all.

A headlong pace, it would seem, at which to be shifting trains loaded to the hat-racks with human life, any one or two cargoes of which might be destroyed by the mistake of an inch in the wedding or the parting of two steel rails. All the more risky is it when the electric switchman in the tower cannot see, as the hand switchman of old could on the tracks, whether the mechanism in his control has obeyed his will.

That is where the function of the automatic guardian angel comes in. If you look toward the end of one of those metal cylinders with which the case is filled you see above it a brass tongue which drops when the cylinder which controls a switch is handled. Unless the switch has done its duty, acted in accordance with the intelligence at the end of the handles, if it has varied by so much as a quarter of an inch from its electro-pneumatic instructions, the little brass tongue will not drop, the red-numbered handle cannot be turned, the red-bladed semaphore will not drop from horizontal (danger) to sixty degrees (clear), the train will not come out of the shed. Switch and signal are interlocked. Signal cannot act till switch has acted. It is an automatic guardian angel. The "wrong signal," so large a factor in railway accidents of the past, cannot, in brief, be given.

All this bears little, however, upon the duties of the man who it was boldly premised had more responsibility than all the commandants and commanders and other folk who rule the world at its great crises by a pressure of the electric button. It would seem to be a simple matter, knowing as he does where each train wants to go, for him to call the numbers of the tracks over which it should roll. The defect in this assumption is that each train or its crew knows for itself where it wants to go, or that it always goes in the same place.

Look at the various indicators set before the train-director's eye in the bay-window. One set is connected with the shed, where the conductor of each train touches a button, which announces that the Lehigh Valley, the Midland, the Long Branch, or whatever track of the twelve it may be is occupied the moment his train starts. Another comes from the next tower down the line, conveying the same information as to east-bound trains. Another tells of the arrival of the ferry-boats. Besides this, there are the yard-master's instructions as to what trains are to be moved whence and whither during the day. So the constant problem on the train-director's mind is a given number of tracks to be divided among a given number of trains. The dividend of tracks is always the same, the divisor of trains changes daily, the quotient—safety and celerity—must always be the same. Though the problem be the longest kind of long division, as the figures of the dividend swell with the swing of the arrows on the indicators, making it seem at times as if a round-house full of locomotives had been stampeded into the Jersey City yard, the train-director must carry the whole sum in his head. No time is his for figuring on paper beyond the hastily sorted memoranda of the disposition of trains. How valuable time is, is shown by that ferry-boat indicator. If fog or ice shall have made the boat for the 2.13 train two minutes late, the tracks over which the 2.13 will pass must be put in active use for other trains during the 120 seconds' delay that makes it the 2.15 train.

On the whole, it seems to me that the captain in the conning-tower and the commandant in the citadel have retired-list, or at least shore-pay, duties beside those of the young man in the faded fez looking out of the tower window.

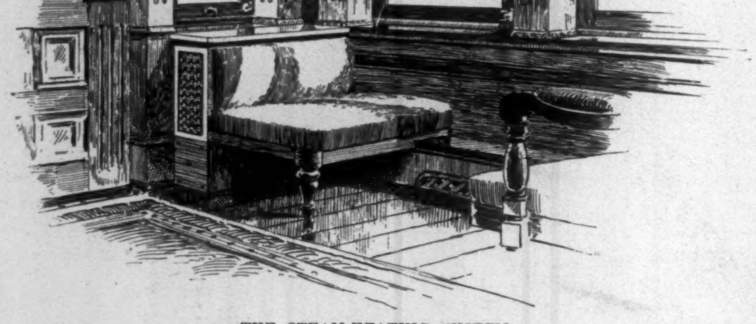
Such is the latest safety device for railroad travel—the electric, pneumatic interlocking switch and signal system. It has only been in use in the Jersey City yard since last May, though it was tried before that at Pittsburg, the home of its inventor, Mr. Westinghouse, whose use of compressed air furnishes now the main guarantees of safety both on train and track. His brake did away with the brakeman. His switch is doing away with the switchman.

On roads which still rely on human intelligence to set signals and adjust switches, the first inquiry of the coroner and the newspapers after an accident is as to whether the switch or signal man did his duty. If he were ill or exhausted or intoxicated when the catastrophe came, the responsibility is sure to rest on him or his employer. When the human agent fails, disaster is the result. That is where the electrical agent in the latest application of the block system proper—on the line, that is to say, not in the yard—has the advantage over the human agent. When it fails, safety is the result.

There is a certain subtle drollery about this phase of the long struggle for combined speed and safety. "The trouble is," says Laudator (Temporis Acti is the rest of his name), "that all these delicate new contraptions are too fine for use. They won't work. They get out of order. Then where are you?" Laudator is generally an old volunteer fireman, and applies this wisdom to a contrast between steam and hand engines. Sometimes, however, Laudator is found in railroad, as he often is in military circles, and sometimes, in very recent times on one notable occasion, he gets into editorial print.

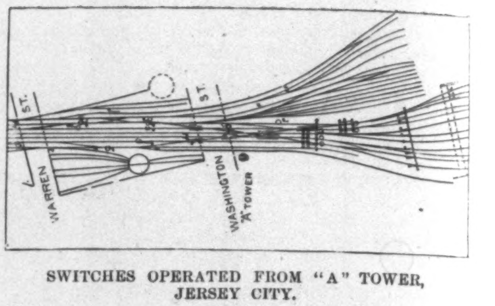
"But," answers Science, with a shadow of a smile, "if this delicate new contraption won't work we are at safety. When it fails to work it hoists the danger signal. Do you see, Laudator?"

Yes, Laudator does see every day of his life as he "commutes" to his suburban home in a club-car and wishes for the days of the stage-coach. He sees it every time that he passes a block signal, and there is a block signal every 1260 feet between Jersey City and Point of Rocks, but the rest of his name being Temporis Acti, he will not inquire into what he sees, or acknowledge that what he sees is the proof of what he has been told. Moreover, if he knew that every rail over which his club-car rolled was charged with electricity, and that it ran up into the wheels and springs of his club-car almost to his feet, he would give up his commuter's ticket, write a letter to his favorite afternoon newspaper, and go afoot. Yet that is what happens to Laudator every time that he goes to his suburban home, and that is the guarantee of his safety.

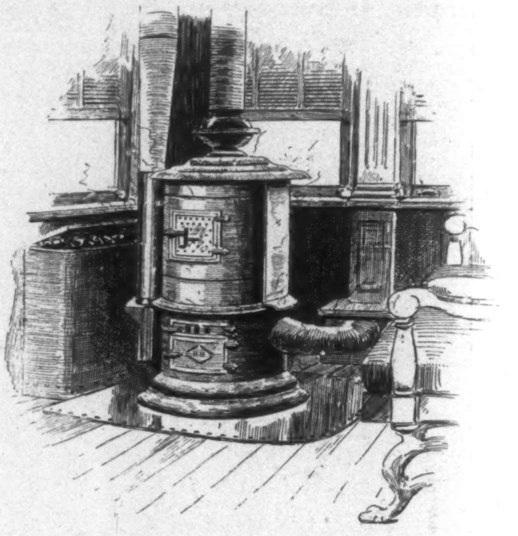


THE STEAM-HEATING SYSTEM.

Perhaps Laudator has noticed this much—some passengers do—that if the red blade on the high post beside the track sticks straight out the train stops; if it is inclined at an angle of sixty degrees, and the green fishtail blade beside it is horizonal, it goes ahead slowly; if both blades are at the sixty-degree angle it goes ahead at full speed. Some passengers have gone so far as to ascertain that the horizontal position of the red blade meant a train on the next block, a horizontal red blade and a sixty degree green fishtail meant a train on the next block but one, and both blades at sixty degrees a clear track. As to the means by which these signals raised and lowered when there is no signal-tower with a man inside of it and the clangor of an electric bell, the honest inquirers confess complete mystification. The careless ones probably think that the signals respond to the yanking of a wire from the next station, perhaps two miles away, and even the conductor or engineer could not, perhaps, enlighten their ignorance.



SWITCHES OPERATED FROM "A" TOWER, JERSEY CITY.



THE "DEADLY" CAR STOVE.

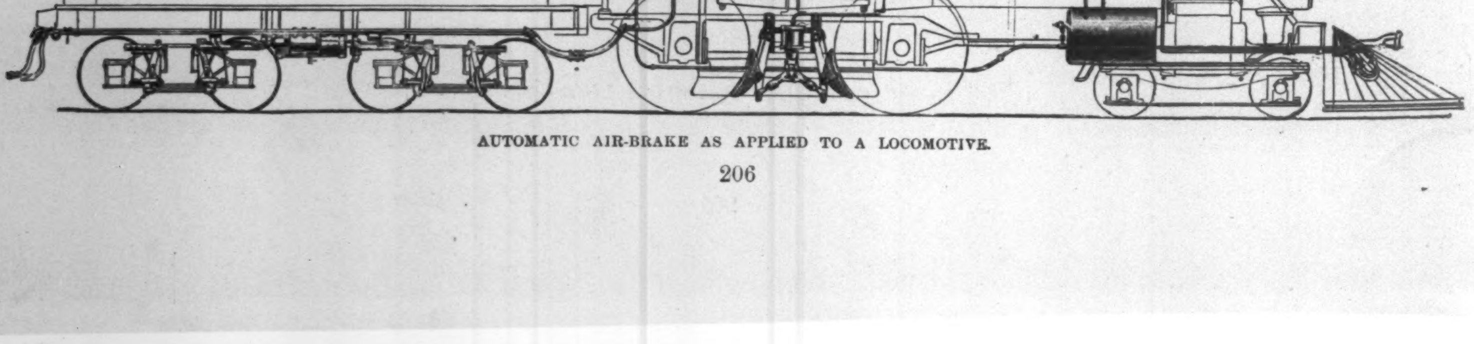
If we look at the end of the rail directly opposite the signal-post we will see that it appears to be made of rubber—not of steel. That is an insulator. If it were not for it the twenty volts per second with which each block is charged by its particular wire might go wandering all along the line as soon as a train left it, unblocking things at their sweet will. When that block is clear of Laudator's train, the twenty volts go prancing up a wire in the signal-post to a magnet, play around an armature, unlock a compressed air chamber, and, presto! down drops the red signal to safety. The next train may come on.

But the moment that the next train passes on that block, Messieurs Twenty Volts are immediately diverted from this course. The great mass of metal passing over them has a much stronger attraction than anything in the signal-post. Presto again! The merry volts swarm up the wheels, leap into the car springs. If it is the Columbian Express that is following Laudator's train, perhaps they are trying to find out if the slandered feet of the pretty Chicago girl in the dining-car are as big as they are painted in the comic prints.

At any rate the circuit is cut. The electrical agent has quit work. The signal goes to the horizontal—danger! The next train may not follow till the Columbian Express is off the block, and the next twenty volts are free to swarm up the signal-post and set the red blade at sixty degrees—safety.

It is not only by the passage of a train that the electrical agent may be made to quit work. Suppose by that very train's passage on a frosty morning a rail on the block has been broken. Then Messieur Twenty Volts will bury themselves in the earth rather than climb to the chilly altitude of the signal. Then again the red blade rises to danger. There being no train on the block an inquiry into the meaning of the signal follows, and the broken rail is discovered. The same would be the case where any other accident, the cutting of a wire, for instance, broke the circuit.

Such is the finality of the block system, only employed near great cities, where blocks are short and trains frequent. Out on the lines of the road described the towers still stand, though the road is advancing the automatic system more



AUTOMATIC AIR-BRAKE AS APPLIED TO A LOCOMOTIVE.

and more. All this, of course, is on the Pennsylvania system; but though that road is the pioneer in this direction, other roads are seeing, and some have long since seen, the profitable pre-eminence of the Philadelphia corporation in the matter of safety, and are striving to equal if not surpass it. Thus the New York Central is introducing the English system on its line beyond Spuyten Duyvil, which does not trust a signal-man to ring the bell for safety or danger, but by an automatic contrivance rings it by the passage of the train itself. On the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, in place of the insulator used between Jersey City and Point of Rocks on the electro-pneumatic block, the end of each circuit has an electrical instrument which the flange of the car-wheel strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have an improved block system in operation as far as Bound Brook.

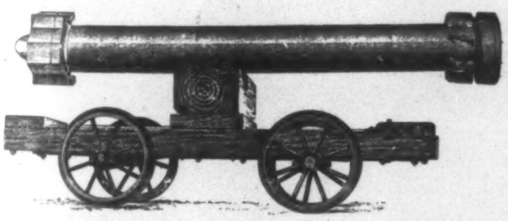
The near approach of the time of the World's Fair will be apt to increase, even on Western railroads, the anxiety of all managers to attain the highest degree of safety coupled with the maximum rate of speed, and this without following the primitive but doubtless effective method proposed over a third of a century ago by *Punch*.

CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.

THE thrilling picture on another page is of a scene in a far-distant part of the country, but it reminds us that it was not so very long ago that we shouldered the wolves out of our way here in New York State. At the opening of the Revolutionary war their cries were heard on the outskirts of Albany, which was then a very important place. They are not yet gone from the State, and the strange probability is there are not many States in the Union in which some wolves do not yet remain. There are regions in the West in which the enterprising folk have built modern little parlor-car cities, finished with electric lights and elevators, electric cars and fine hotels, where it is not altogether certain that the wolves and the wonders of latter-day civilization do not sometimes come together. Up in the great timber region of the Northwest, where some such towns are literally built up in the forest, there is little doubt that once in a while a hungry wolf comes upon the outermost electric street lamp, and blinks his eyes in its strong glare as he tries to stare at it, and to make out what manner of leafless tree it is that has grown up in his native woods, and that seems to hold a fallen star upon its stubby top.

The rude lumbermen who are tumbling the forests on either side of the Canadian border about their heads are the frontiersmen of this period who know most about our wolves. Yet that knowledge does not make them like the cowardly wild dogs any better than do we who see them only in museums. Indeed, if the wolf has a friend on earth, it will be a great piece of news to find out what or who it is. There are dogs, like the Esquimau dogs of wilder Canada, and some Indian dogs also, that are very closely related to the wolves, but the wolves prey upon them as eagerly as upon mutton or lamb in its active state.

Some of the dangers that lumbermen risk on account of these pests are such as would not be thought of by some who are tolerably familiar with the woods. For instance, up in Michigan, just two years ago, two men were felling trees in the forest, and one wounded himself severely. His aim at a tree was not true, and the blade of the axe slipped and went deep into his flesh. After binding up the wound, which bled terribly, the uninjured man started off for a doctor and a sled, to bring both to the service of his companion. When he returned, the poor fellow had been eaten up by wolves. They left only some tatters of his clothing. That marvellous scent which these animals possess had made them aware of the presence of the odor of blood in the air, and they had traced the scent to its source, and made short work of the wretched lumberman. That, by-the-way, was in a neighborhood that is a pleasure resort in the summer months—one of those places where, as has been said, the wolves of the forest primeval have a bowing acquaintance with the latest of man's victories over nature—the electric light.



LIVE PROJECTILE OF "VESUVIUS" FITTED WITH GAS-CHECK AND CENTRING PIECES READY FOR LOADING.

THE FLYING TORPEDO.

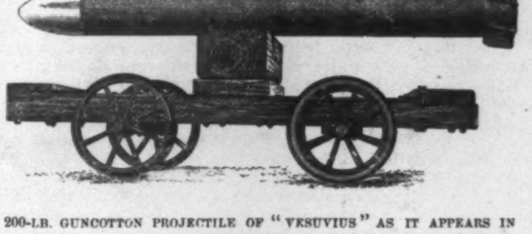
SOME test experiments in the throwing of projectiles from the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* were recently made off Port Royal, South Carolina, with very interesting results. The projectiles used were eight feet long, ten inches in diameter, and when loaded weighed 515 pounds. The body of the dummy projectile was a spirally welded cylinder, into which the base and head were screwed, and these were also connected by an iron bar in the axis of the cylinder. The base was of cast iron, and carried a brass band on which were a number of wings curved so as to rotate the projectile as it passed through the air. The sabot, or "gas-check," which occupied the centre of the ten-inch shell in the fifteen-inch gun, was also attached to the base, but in such manner as to fall off, as a rule, as soon as the projectile left the gun. The head was also of cast iron, and carried as "wing pieces" a number of blocks of wood carefully fitted about it, and centring the forward end of the projectile in the axis of the bore. These blocks flew off, helter-skelter, as soon as the projectile left the gun. In the live projectile the cylinder is a drawn-steel tube, and the head and base pieces are of brass, and are not connected by a bar as in the case of the dummy. The head contains the fuse and primer of dry guncotton, and also has a number of plungers fixed about it so as to explode the primer by impact.

The flight of the projectiles, as it appeared to an observer stationed near the target, is thus described by an eye-witness, Lieutenant A. A. Ackerman, of the U. S. S. *Philadelphia:*

"We are anchored a few yards from the line of fire, a mile away from the low-lying dynamite cruiser. A signal has been hoisted at her yard-arm, warning the observers to stand by. They have acknowledged it by displaying their wig-wag flags. The cruiser's signal is then hauled down, after which those of the observers are also doused as they severally announce their readiness. All is ready. Suddenly we perceive a white cloud about the bow of the *Vesuvius*, and then from this bursts forth a round black object, which, as it rises out of the mist, shapes itself into a long thin cylinder. Higher and higher it mounts, until, nearing the zenith of its flight, the cylinder becomes a ball apparently moving so slowly that one almost fears its momentum will be expended, and it will at any moment plunge headlong downward.

"It has now reached the highest point of its flight, and at almost the same instant the ear is saluted by a rattling, crashing sound, as if all the boiler factories in the country had concentrated the pandemonium of weeks into the supreme effort of a second. It is the sound of the discharge, which travels nearly twice as fast as the projectile, and which in the clear spring air of Port Royal is heard quite as distinctly a mile away in the line of fire as on the vessel itself.

"The flying torpedo has now for seconds seemed almost stationary, poised like some great bird high in the air. It seems sure to fall short; it is too low to carry far at that apparently slow flight. Still, it does not fall perceptibly, and soon the fact dawns upon us that this black object is coming onward at a tremendous rate. It grows larger, and on the downward branch of the trajectory again elongates into a cylinder, the rear end of which seems to wobble or revolve in a small circle around the line of flight. Now a hissing sound is heard. The projectile seems to hasten—it is descending rapidly—straight towards you. There is no doubt now as to its carrying far enough. In fact, it seems impossible to avoid that. We realize that here is a terrible engine, free from all restraint, beyond control. It has a destiny of its own. We don't care who sighted the gun, or for what range the valve was set. We only hope that we shall have luck; that the black thing has not acquired intelligence and decided to hurt us, with a malicious purpose. But now a glance along the cylinder's side is reassuring; it will pass on one side; it seems to turn away more and more, until, with a musketlike report, it enters the water, throwing up a lofty column of spray. A second later and the black oval head pierces the water thirty yards further on; the torpedo leaps high into the air, and turning, porpoiselike, with graceful precision dives head first into the water again. There, after a last mighty struggle, its onward rush is checked, and it sinks to the bottom. The length of time of flight has been just ten and three-quarter seconds. It has come six times as fast as the fastest railroad train; fourteen times as fast and five times as far as the fastest automobile torpedo; fourteen times as fast as the fastest torpedo-boat; twelve times as fast as the fastest running horse. Moreover, it carries an amount of high explosive power equivalent in rending effect to two of the largest Whitehead torpedoes."



200-LB. GUNCOTTON PROJECTILE OF "VESUVIUS" AS IT APPEARS IN FLIGHT, THE GAS-CHECK AND CENTRING BLOCKS HAVING DROPPED OFF.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

THE building of a new and modern navy for the United States goes steadily on. But the plans are such that if there should be any very radical improvement in naval architecture or the armament of battle-ships the newer ships of the new navy could have all such advantages. Next Monday, from the ship-building yard of Messrs. William Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, the coast-line battle-ship *Indiana* will be launched. The *Indiana* is built of steel, and is 348 feet on the water-line. She has an extreme breadth of 69 feet 3 inches, and a draught of 24 feet. Her normal displacement is 10,200 tons, and her maximum sustained sea speed 15 knots an hour. Her normal coal supply is 400 tons, but a coal-bunker capacity of 1800 tons is provided. With the bunkers full the *Indiana* will be able to speed at her maximum rate over 3500 knots. If this rate be reduced to 10 knots an hour, this endurance is increased from 10 days to 60 days, and the distance possible to go to 15,000 knots. It will be seen from this statement how expensive is the consumption of fuel when high speed is maintained. Throughout the length in which will be the machinery and the magazines the *Indiana* will have a double bottom. This will be for 196 feet amidships.

On the main-deck there will be two turrets, one forward and one aft, for the 13-inch guns. Of these there will be two in each turret. Beyond these turrets there will be no obstructions on the main-deck to interrupt the firing of the guns. The ventilators and anchor cranes and such other features are arranged to turn down and out of the way in action. The main battery of the *Indiana* beyond the 4 13-inch breech-loading rifles alluded to will be 8 8-inch rifles and 4 6-inch rifles. Between the two turrets for the 13-inch guns there will be a superstructure in which will be placed the 6-inch guns, and above, or upon the deck to be erected on this superstructure, will be placed the 8-inch guns. The secondary battery will consist of 20 6-pounder rapid-fire cannon, 4 1-pounder rapid-fire cannon, and 4 Gatling guns. The battery of 6-pounders is arranged along the top of the hammock berthing and the bridge, while the 1-pounders are placed forward and aft on the berth-deck. There will be a double-topped military mast made of steel, with a spiral stairway inside, so that the topmen may go aloft under cover. The battery on this mast is both for signal and fighting purposes. In the tops are the 4 Gatling guns. The armament of the *Indiana* is quite powerful, and the arrangements for protecting the guns are specially good. An expert, in commenting on the range of the guns and the angles at which these guns could be fired, has said that "the facility with which this vessel can protect herself from attack at all points reminds one of the unexpected ease of movement of a contortionist."

The sides of the vessel are protected by a belt of armor 7 feet 6 inches wide—3 feet above and 4 feet 6 inches below the water-line. This armor extends along the sides for 148 feet, and then takes a diagonal course inboard at an angle of 45 degrees for 24 feet at each end. This gives a total broadside armor of 196 feet, or where the machinery and magazine spaces are located. On top of this armor is a steel deck. Above this belt of side armor is placed the casemate, with a backing of 10 feet of coal. Forward and abaft the redoubts are 3-inch protective belts of steel, which reach to 4½ feet below the water-line. The steering-gear of the *Indiana* will be below this deck protection. As a further protection to this battle-ship torpedo-nets will entirely incase the vessel.

The vessel is subdivided into numerous water-tight compartments, and an elaborate system of pumping and drainage enables each compartment to be filled or pumped out at will, so as to quench fire or overcome a leak. There will be quarters for 460 persons—officers and men. The sanitary arrangements are in accordance with the most recent and approved notions, and the lighting will be by electricity.

THE LATE RUFUS HATCH.

A WALL STREET LEADER GONE.

BY the death of the late Rufus Hatch, which occurred at Spuyten Duyvil on the 23d inst., one of the most picturesque and original characters that ever figured in Wall Street is removed from among men. Few personalities have been so individual and aggressive, few careers more varied. From the time he went West in early manhood up to the time of his retirement from active business he imprinted himself by sheer force of character, shrewdness, and courage upon the business events of his time. Ever a conspicuous leader among men, his words were listened to with deference by the great financiers of the country, and his schemes were great and well planned. His short stocky figure, large head, massive shoulders, abounding physical vigor, and full resonant voice were all familiar features of Wall Street, where he was respected and loved as "Uncle Rufus." Three times bankrupt, each time he rose buoyant and undaunted to accumulate fresh fortune. His hobbies and personal tastes, his fondness for music, and for gathering musical people to his house, his contributions of forceful rhyme and prose to the press, his invention of popular expressions and epigrammatic sayings—all made him famous among his contemporaries.

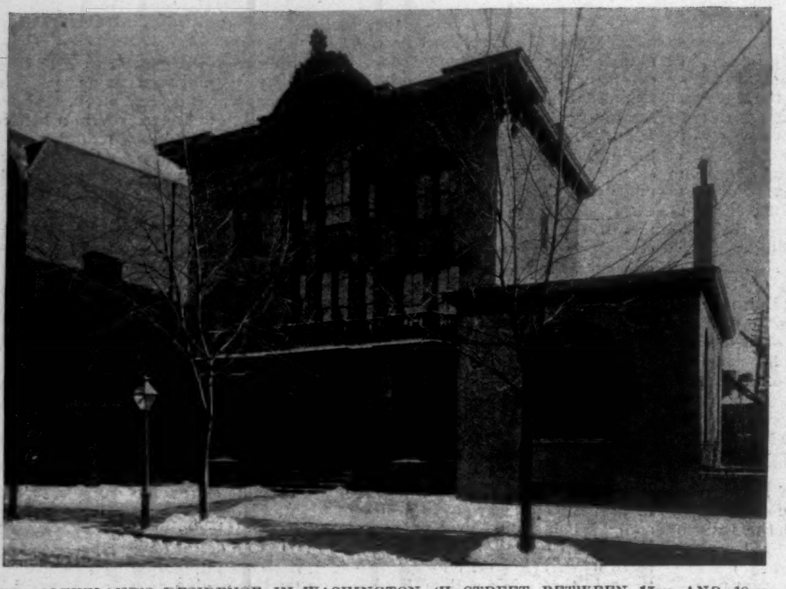
Like so many men who have become conspicuous in New York business life, Rufus Hatch was born and reared upon a farm, his father being a farmer at Wells, Maine. The boy, one of a large family, showed little aptitude for farm life, and when twelve years old became clerk in a store in Kennebunk, Maine. At the age of nineteen years he went West, and worked in the party which surveyed the first railroad ever built in Wisconsin, since a part of the Chicago and Northwestern system. Afterwards he became a grain-broker in Chicago as member of the firm of Armstrong & Company, which, after great prosperity, failed in the fall of values following the close of the Crimean war. Mr. Hatch, assuming all debts of the firm, came to New York, where he, in connection with Henry Keep, invested heavily in Chicago and Northwestern Railway stock, and profited greatly in the rise of values that eventually came. In ten years he had paid all the debts of his Chicago failure in full. He was one of the founders and a vice-president of the Open Board of Brokers, and when that association became a part of the regular Stock Exchange refused the presidency of the latter organization. In 1873 he became a member of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was made managing director of the company, and also of the Panama Railroad Company. He lost everything in the panic of 1873, and after a protracted struggle, failed in 1876. He resumed business again in 1878 as a grain speculator, and getting fairly on his feet, became, in 1882, interested in Northern Pacific Railway stock and the Yellowstone Park, which he sought to acquire for the great stock-raising corporation which he organized. In 1883 he made his famous excursion with the great company of English capitalists over the Northern Pacific and through the Yellowstone country. The failure of Henry Villard and collapse of his stock about that time broke up this great scheme, and Mr. Hatch found himself for a third time ruined. After that disaster he retired from the Stock Exchange, and went over to the Petroleum Exchange, and was afterwards associated with James R. Keene in dealings in grain. But following the Villard failure, Mr. Hatch's transactions upon the street were not large, and for several years before his death he had practically retired from business.

Mr. Hatch was twice married. His first wife was Miss Charlotte Hatch, who died in 1873, leaving two girls and one boy. The widow is a daughter of Commodore Gray, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Mr. Hatch was born in 1832. All of his seven children survive him.

GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PIERRE GUSTAVE TOUTANT BEAUREGARD, general in the service of the late Confederacy, and one who will be ranked by history as among the half-score ablest military leaders developed by our civil war, died in New Orleans on Monday, February 20th, of heart failure resulting from a complication of diseases. He was born near New Orleans in 1818, of mixed French creole and Italian descent, his pa-

ternal side connecting him with the old French noblesse. His early passion for a soldier's career won him a cadetship, and he was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1838, the second most brilliant scholar in his class. Among his classmates who afterwards drew their swords on the same side in the civil war were Generals Hardee and Sibley; and Generals McDowell, Barry, Gordon Granger, and Nichols, who stood for the Stars and Stripes. The first of these Union Generals was fated to be pitted against him at the battle of Bull Run, which opened the really great conflicts of the war. Young Beauregard was commissioned first in the artillery, but was at once transferred to the engineer corps, an arm for which he was superbly fitted by his talents. He was assigned to varied constructive work at Fort Adams (Newport), Barataria Bay (Louisiana), the passes of the Mississippi, and Fort McHenry, Maryland. At the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 Lieutenant Beauregard was placed in charge of the defences at Tampico; and during this first experience of actual war he participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico, in the last of which he was twice wounded. He was brevetted Major for his gallant conduct, and in 1853 was made Captain in his corps. During the period prior to 1861 he was engaged in engineering work at the South, among which may be mentioned the construction of fortifications at Mobile and on the Mississippi, and the building of the New Orleans Custom-house. In January, 1861, he was appointed Superintendent of West Point, but resigned in less than a month, two days after the election of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis at once accepted Beauregard's proffer of service, and assigned him to the command at Charleston, South Carolina, with the rank of Major-General.



MR. CLEVELAND'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON (H STREET BETWEEN 17TH AND 18TH STREETS).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

With the intensely dramatic episode ending with the capitulation of Fort Sumter on April 13, 1861, General Beauregard is inseparably connected. This event sent "the fiery cross" travelling on its thrilling mission to every household North and South, and a great war became inevitable. The name of Beauregard, in consequence of this bloodless victory, was blown to the very skies by Southern enthusiasm. He was promptly given command in Virginia in front of Washington, and he proceeded to organize the Confederate forces with great skill and efficiency. The battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, was fought, with General McDowell in command of the Union army, on July 21st. The tide of victory, which at first set in favor of the Federals, was turned by the arrival of General Joseph E. Johnston with large Confederate re-enforcements. The battle was in the main fought by Beauregard, and it was always claimed by himself and his friends that had General Johnston, who superseded him, and President Davis himself, who was on the field, followed his advice, Washington would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates—an event which might have wrought a great difference in the final issue. The action of Mr. Davis at this time was a slight which the fiery creole soldier never forgave, and the breach continued to widen during the life of the Confederacy. General Beauregard in after-years was known to have expressed the opinion that President Davis had done more to destroy the Confederacy than had the military services of General Grant.

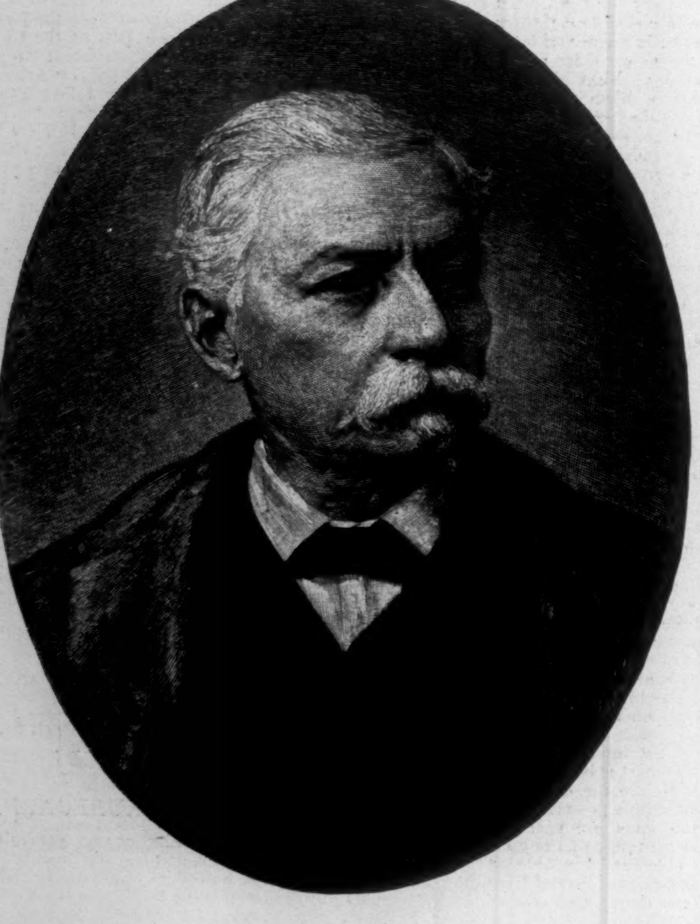
In the spring of 1862 Beauregard was appointed second in command to General Albert Sydney Johnston, who confronted the Federal advance under General U. S. Grant in Tennessee. The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought on April 6th, one of the most bloody conflicts of the time, nearly resulted in a great reverse to the Union arms. Johnston was killed on the first day; and Beauregard, taking command, pressed the Federals with such energy and tactical skill that they were on the verge of destruction. It was only the arrival of General Buell with fresh troops that enabled Grant to repel the Confederate onset and hold his ground. On the second day Beauregard withdrew his army and retreated in a masterly fashion in the teeth of a greatly superior force to Corinth, Mississippi. He evacuated this position on May 29th, destroying all his stores and munitions, and retreating southward along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. After this he was invalided for several months, and before he went on active duty was promoted to the full rank of General. He was next assigned to the command of the defences of Charleston, South Carolina, which were threatened with a formidable attack. The remarkable siege operations conducted by General Quincy A. Gillmore at the head of the land forces, and by Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren in command of the fleet, rank among the notable episodes of the war. The brilliant defence by Beauregard, lasting from April 7, 1863, for about a year, shines as a piece of professional work, perhaps, with even more lustre than the resourceful and ingenious attack of the great rival engineer.

When General Grant inaugurated the final campaign in the spring of 1864 which was to give the *coup de grace* to the Confederacy, Beauregard was summoned to Virginia to assist General Lee. He defeated General Butler at Drury's Bluff, and commanded the defence of Petersburg against the greatly superior Federal army with the same military ability which had marked all his operations. In October he was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the West, but failing to check Sherman's advance, he made a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, with whom he surrendered to Sherman, in April, 1865, hard on Lee's capitulation at Appomattox. The students of Beauregard's career as a soldier will find an authentic record in Roman's *Military Operations of General Beauregard* (Harper & Brothers).

After the war Beauregard received proffers to take command of the Roumanian and Egyptian armies, but the negotiations fell still-born. As a civilian during later years he was president of a street-car syndicate in New Orleans, and of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Mississippi Railroad. He was also Adjutant-General of Louisiana, and was in many ways associated with active business enterprises in his native State. General Beauregard was a soldier of remarkable scientific attainments, and the precision of his plans was well matched by unusual fire and energy in their execution in the field. He was the last of the great generals of the war. His more important contributions to military literature, *Principles and Maxims of the Art of War* and *Report of the Defence of Charleston*, have become classics in their way.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON.

It has been the custom for Presidents of the United States to reside in the official mansion in Washington, commonly known as the White House, during their terms of office, and since Mr. Lincoln's time a cottage situated in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home has been known as the President's Cottage, where the families of the different Executives have spent part of the year. But when Mr. Cleveland previously occupied the White House he purchased for himself a summer residence on the outskirts of the city, not caring to make use of the government cottage, and spent as much of his time as was possible away from the Executive Mansion. This year he has further departed from precedent by hiring a house in the city itself, within three blocks of the White House, which he will make his private residence for the present. Solicitude for his baby daughter probably prompts the step in the first place, as the little granddaughter of Mr. Harrison has but recently recovered from an attack of scarlet fever; but it is well known that the idea of working and living at the same time in the White House has always been distasteful to Mr. Cleveland. The house taken by the incoming President is the old homestead of Admiral Porter, situated at 1710 H Street, N.W. It is a house that is well known to all Washington people, and is in the centre of a delightful neighborhood. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city have their homes in the immediate vicinity, and the location is in every way pleasant. There are generous grounds at the side and back of the house, but none in front, the dwelling being built right on the street. It is a three-story brick double house, painted to resemble brownstone, and spacious and roomy on the inside. There is an old-time aristocratic air about it that is most charming, and Mr. Cleveland will probably find it a comfortable home. It is on the south side of the street, adjoining the Metropolitan Club, and has a large stable and carriage-house connected with it. There have been suggestions made of late regarding the enlargement or change of the White House, which is not altogether fitted for both private and public residence. The President's office and library are well equipped, but Mr. Cleveland, having had experience, has acted according to his preference in taking this other house. All public functions, however, will take place at the White House, for which it is suited in all respects.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD, THE CIVILIAN.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865.

THE LIBRARY.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

THE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM.

THE NURSERY.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.—From recent Photographs.—[See Page 208.]

SOUTH SIDE OF CAPITOL SQUARE—MILITARY GUARDING THE ARSENAL.
From a Sketch by H. Worrall made on the Spot.

THE TWO KANSAS LEGISLATURES.

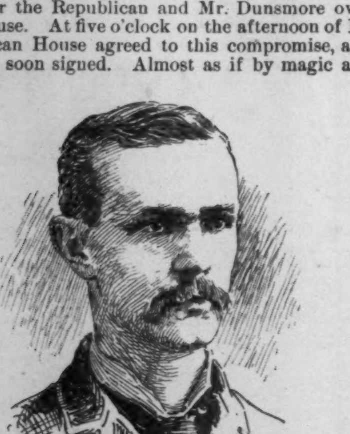
WHEN this paper went to press last week the two contending political parties in Kansas, each with a Legislature of its own, were in battle array, and threatening to come to a collision at any moment. The Governor had called out the militia to disperse the Republican House, and the sheriff had sworn in one thousand special deputies to preserve the peace by protecting the Republican House from any attack the militia might make. The commander of the militia went into the Hall of Representatives and told the Republicans that he would not obey the Governor's commands to disperse them. This officer was removed, and the Adjutant-General, a Populist and an adherent of the Governor, was placed in command. Now serious trouble was apprehended. A conflict was inevitable unless some agreement was quickly reached between the contending factions. In the negotiations for such an agreement the Governor represented the Populist side, and treated with a committee of Republicans. On Friday, after the beleaguered Republicans had spent two nights in the Hall of Representatives, the Governor proposed a compromise to this effect: each House to meet in its own hall and be undisturbed by the other; the Populist House to be permitted to meet in the State-house without molestation; no arrests to be made by either House of the officers or members of the other; the militia and the sheriff's posse to be immediately relieved; and the militia companies then *en route* to Topeka to be ordered home. By way of

COLONEL J. W. T. HUGHS,
Commander of the State Militia, who refused to obey the Governor's Order to forcibly remove the Republican Legislature from the Hall.

explanation this note was added to the agreement at the Governor's suggestion:

"The memoranda this day signed by Governor Lewelling, and George L. Douglass, D. W. Eastman, and J. K. Cubbison as a committee of the House of Representatives presided over by George L. Douglass, and hereto attached, is not to be construed as a recognition by either the Douglass or Dunsmore House of the legal organization or character of either of such Houses by the Governor or the Senate, and shall not be used in court or in any legislative body as evidence for any person, party, or body, and shall not be entered on the journal or other record of either the Douglass House or the Dunsmore House or the Senate."

It should be said in explanation of this that Mr. Douglass presides over the Republican and Mr. Dunsmore over the Populist House. At five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday the Republican House agreed to this compromise, and the papers were soon signed. Almost as if by magic all that



GEORGE L. DOUGLASS.
Speaker of the Republican House.

seemed warlike disappeared, and that air of peace natural to the capital city of an agricultural people was quickly restored.

The further and final settlement of the differences between the parties will be in accordance with the decrees of the courts of the State. The Senate, however, in which there is a Populist majority, has refused to pass a resolution pledging the body to abide by the decisions of the courts. Such a resolution was not necessary, however, and its rejection is no indication of an intention of hostile action in case the courts should decide adversely to the Senate majority. The two Houses of Representatives have been meeting every day since the agreement, and each House has kept very busy in passing bills and transacting the business before it. There is a case before the Supreme Court the decision of which may end the incident.

L. C. Gunn was summoned to appear before the Election Committee of the Republican House. He refused to obey the summons on the ground that the Republican House was an illegal body, and had no power to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses. He was arrested on the charge of contempt of the authority of the House. Now he is brought before the Supreme Court on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The most eminent lawyers on each political side are engaged in the case, the State also being represented. The case was pending when this paper went to press.

In Topeka, and indeed in all Kansas, there is a feeling of great relief that the crisis has passed without bloodshed. Those who hurried to Topeka when civil war was feared

J. M. DUNSMORE.
Speaker of the Populist House.

have returned to their homes, and nothing more alarming now is apprehended than the forensic noise of the lawyers, and the growls of those who lose when the judgment of the court has been pronounced.

THE HOME-RULE BILL AND THE AMERICAN STATE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S home-rule bill is especially interesting to Americans because the author was evidently governed or influenced by the relation of the States to the United States. In his speech on the motion for a first reading of the bill Mr. Gladstone announced that he had consulted our own fundamental law, and it is apparent that he intended that the new government of Ireland should follow as closely as its different circumstances permitted the analogy of an American State. He declined to attempt to transform Ireland into a colony, and turned to the Federal plan for a solution of his problem.

If the bill should become a law, the act would be practically a written constitution for Ireland, just as the British North American Act is a written constitution for the Dominion of Canada. It is true that it would be simply an act of Parliament, and therefore destructible by the power that gave it being. The present Parliament cannot bind subsequent Parliaments, and consequently it would be within the theoretical power of the imperial legislative body to repeal the law giving autonomy to Ireland. It is also within the power of the imperial government to recall the privileges and rights that have been granted to Canada and other self-governing British colonies. Practically, however, such a power would not be exercised except in an emergency so remote that it is not to be anticipated. Under ordinary conditions the repeal or modification of such an act as this, whose purpose is to confer governmental rights upon a people, would be regarded as a breach of good faith.

The essential difference between the constitutional politics of Great Britain and the United States is preserved in the home-rule bill. The power emanates from the central government, and is conferred upon the local authority. This is an essential attribute of a monarchy—absolute or constitutional or theoretical. In this country the Federal constitution is a grant of power from the States, and a State constitution is a limitation of the powers of the government by the people. The Irish bill is a bestowal of power by the imperial government. In the Dominion of Canada, which is a federation of provinces, the powers of the several parts are grants of the central authority.

An American State has, in the first place, police functions. It has jurisdiction over the life, liberty, and property of the individual. Crimes against the rights of person and property are punishable by the State. The tax on the homestead is imposed by the State. The relations of the citizen to his neighbor are governed by the laws of the State. The business of the community is carried on under those laws. Municipalities and private corporations are brought into existence by the State. The State establishes schools and charitable institutions, and protects the citizen in his right to religious liberty. All these powers will be exercised by the government of Ireland if the home-rule bill becomes a law.

There are certain fundamental rights which the people of the States have reserved to themselves in their several constitutions. These have been reserved from the grants in the home-rule bill. The Irish Parliament is not to make laws respecting the establishment or endowment of religion or interfering with religious liberty. No person is to be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or denied the equal protection of the law. Private property is not to be taken without just compensation. Not only are these principles common to all Teutonic governments, but the language in which they are expressed is familiar to every student of American written constitutions.

The bill also denies some powers to Ireland which are in the nature of the grants of power bestowed by the States upon the United States. These are essentially national powers. Ireland, for example, like an American State, may not, under this bill, declare war or peace, and may not hold relations of any kind with foreign powers, or coin money or give to any token legal-tender qualities, or levy customs duties, or fix the rates of postage, or issue trade marks, copyrights, or grant patents. The American State may exercise quarantine powers, provided the Federal government does not interfere, but Ireland is forbidden jurisdiction over that, and even over local health regulations. The United States government makes uniform laws of naturalization, but the State courts may admit foreigners to citizenship. All power over alienage and naturalization is denied to Ireland by Mr. Gladstone's bill. There is also a limitation in the bill on the power of localities to borrow money, but it is left to the Irish Parliament, or the proper department of the Irish government, to fix the amount that a local government may borrow at one time.

Generally, the Irish Parliament will have all the rights now possessed by the American State Legislatures, except a few that may be at any time assumed by the general government at Washington. It will have the police and the taxing power for all the purposes of the island, subject to such restrictions as are imposed upon our own governments by the people, who are with us the final legislators.

In one respect the Irish government, under the act, will have a power that is not exercised by the American State. While the imperial government will retain the right to fix the rates of postage, the administration of the postal service, including the telegraph and the postal savings-banks, is to be transferred to the Irish government.

The great difference, of course, between the proposed Irish government and the American State is in the executive; but this is more apparent than real. The chief executive of Ireland is to remain the Lord Lieutenant, appointed by the crown, and every British subject is to be eligible for the office. The crown also retains the veto power. Whether this would ever be exercised is a question of some interest, which is not to be answered by pointing to the experience of Great Britain. The real executive of Ireland, however, will be the responsible government dictated by the Parliament. There is no analogy between such an executive and the executive of an American State; but the real power of such a government rests with its legislative branch, and if the home-rule bill should pass, Ireland would bear to the imperial government a similar relation to that borne by a State to the United States, so far as its domestic affairs are concerned, subject to a certain power of interference by the crown, which would be rarely exercised. So far as the influence of the Irish government in imperial affairs is concerned, the analogy of the American State ceases; for, under the bill, Ireland is, theoretically at least, to have no voice in the affairs of the empire. Its eighty voices in Westminster are to be heard only when the imperial Parliament is concerned with imperial business.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

HAWAIIAN CHARACTERS.

THE mild and equable climate and the perpetual fertility of the soil of the Hawaiian Islands combine to soothe a too restless energy in men. Even those born in a more bracing climate find their zeal for activity yielding to surrounding influences after a short residence there. Only the Chinaman labors on uninterruptedly, with the habit inherited from a long line of laborious ancestors.

There is no spot that blooms more fairly than the region about Waihe, on Maui. So far as the ploughed furrows in the landscape there or anywhere mark the thrift of man, it is the Chinaman's hands that have done the labor. He watches the water from the neighboring valley's stream, through ditch and over flume, into the remotest furrow of each sugar plantation, and cuts the cane when it is ripe; and the white man pockets the benefit. The native Hawaiian, meanwhile, sits amiably on his woven rush mat before the door of his hut, chattering of trivialities, with no thought of care and no feeling of sorrow; though there is enough for him that would be sorrow to a man that thought of care or anything else.

The relationships which govern the membership of a Hawaiian household are past finding out. An indefinite number of persons of an indefinite variety of ages, with no fixed proportion of the sexes, may be joint residents of one of these grass huts, together with an assortment of pet curs, an occasional pet pig, and numberless lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and more familiar insects, which haunt the thatched grass of the walls. When the meal hour arrives, the calabash of poi is placed on the mat, and the household squat about it, dipping their fingers into the pastelike mess until they have by this means conveyed sustenance enough to their mouths. About the only real labor performed is the planting and the gathering of the taro, or kalo, and the pounding of it with a stone pestle into poi. The planting involves wading up to the middle in the black slimy mud of the taro patch. When he gathers his crop the proprietor will sometimes string a few plants, just as he has pulled them from the mud, at each end of a bearing-stick and carry them to market to realize a little cash to spend for indulgence in the sweets of civilization. Sometimes the old men will cut and pull from odd corners with their hands and a case-knife enough of the coarse sour grass to make into a bundle of hay, which none but a kanaka horse would eat.

Horseback riding is a favorite pastime. The women gather their loosely flowing holokus about the limbs and wrap them with bright colored cloth, the ends left several yards long to stream in the wind. Their coarse straight black hair is anointed with cocoanut oil. Men and women deck themselves with gorgeous flowers, ingeniously strung into leis. All then bestride their horses, and, with screaming talk and laughter, ride at full gallop until their horses are absolutely exhausted.

Another recreation, less open to the light of publicity, is the hula dance. The dancing girls are trained from infancy in the intricate posturing and serpentine contortions which make up the movements of the dance. They chant in a monotonous tone the tale which their suggestive motions are supposed to illustrate, and are accompanied by a thrumming in endless cadence on hollow gourds with rattling seeds in them. Free from restraining influences, the hula dances run into indescribable orgies.

GUY STUART COMLY.

THE NATURALIZATION OF THE "NEW YORK."

The American merchant marine is enriched by one of the largest, swiftest, and most complete ships ever built in Great Britain. The ceremony of raising the American flag on her was appropriately performed on Washington's birthday by the President of the United States. It was on the Saturday following that for the first time within the recollection of full-grown men a first-rate liner with an American register sailed from New York to England. And yet this is the country that a little more than a generation ago boasted of its maritime supremacy, and whose flag was seen in every port. Americans who are now middle-aged recall the Collins Line that plied between New York and Liverpool, the best ships of their day, and the pride of the country. They will recollect, too, that in their boyhood they spent their Saturday holidays on board ships, and that they knew all about rigging, sails, and records, as the boys of to-day know about locomotives and other land devices. Their day passed away when the war and the tariff destroyed American shipping, and the United States surrendered its maritime supremacy to Great Britain.

In 1859 the United States merchant marine engaged in foreign commerce had a tonnage of 2,231,674; in 1891 its tonnage had been reduced to 988,719. In 1868, the first year in which registry was required, the merchant marine numbered 3039 vessels; in 1891 the number was only 1516.

The accession of the *New York* and *Paris* to the meagre number of American vessels engaged in foreign trade is hailed by some as the beginning of a new era in the maritime annals of the country, as the first step towards the restoration of the old times when America was first on the ocean. This, however, is a problem which, like all other problems, is not to be solved by the first step in the process. The country has not only made an exception to a stringent law much complained of by advocates of free ships, a law which prevented the registration of foreign-built ships in the supposed interest of American ship-builders, but it is adopting a subsidy policy against which all who are opposed to every form of paternalism have long protested. Under the Ocean Mail Subsidy Act of March 3, 1891, the two British ships, the *New York* and *Paris*, which were granted American registration by a special act of Congress, are to receive for each outward trip the sum of four dollars a mile. In round numbers this will be $12,000 a trip, and if ten trips a year are made the sum annually earned by each ship from the government will be $120,000. This subsidy act was passed largely on the representation that the British government subsidized vessels, among others these two; but the British subsidy amounted to about $50,000 a year for a vessel, so that the profit that will accrue to the company from the transfer may be easily calculated.

Ships of the character of the *New York* and *Paris* alone can satisfy the requirements of the subsidy law for first-class vessels, for they must be of a gross registered tonnage of at least 8000 tons, capable of a speed of at least 20 knots an hour, and "constructed with particular reference to prompt and economical conversion into auxiliary naval cruisers."

The *New York* and the *Paris*, as the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*, have long been known to transatlantic travellers. The ships were contracted for and built in 1887. Soon after, the old Inman Company was purchased by the International Navigation Company, which was an American corporation. The new title of the corporation is, "American Line for Southampton. International Steamship Company," the destination of the ships having been changed from Liverpool to Southampton. It owns a great many ships besides the *New York* and *Paris*, but these two only may carry the American flag. Under the requirement of the act admitting them to registration, the company has contracted with the William Cramp & Sons Company, of Philadelphia, to build two new ships that shall be at least equal to the new British-built ships. The vessels contracted for will really be somewhat larger than the *New York* and *Paris*. These two are 10,500 tons burden, 560 feet long, 63¼ feet beam, and 59 feet deep, measuring from the cabin to the keel. They have triple-expansion engines and three sets of boilers in different compartments. The *New York* has the record for the fastest eastern passage—5 days, 19 hours, and 57 minutes; and the *Paris* has the record for the fastest western passage—5 days, 14 hours, and 24 minutes.

The programme for the ceremonies of Wednesday could not be half carried out on account of the severe weather, and the run out to sea was abandoned. Through a strong wind and snow-squall the *New York* left her dock at the foot of Christopher Street and steamed to a point off the Battery, where she was anchored. At twelve o'clock the steamboats that conveyed to her the President and the guests of the occasion had arrived, and the ceremonies began. First there was a speech addressed to the President by Congressman Bourke Cockran, who was the mover of the bill naturalizing the ship. Then the President made one of his tactful speeches, concluding as follows: "I deem it an entirely appropriate function that the President of the United States should lift this American flag." As he uttered these words the crowd cheered, the whistles on the boats in the harbor screeched, and salutes were fired from the big guns of the war-ship *Chicago* and from the old-fashioned smooth-bores on Governors Island. The ship henceforth is American territory on the high seas, protected by the American flag, commanded by an American captain, and manned by a crew one-fourth of whom at present and for two years to come must be American citizens. After, the proportion of Americans must continue to increase until it reaches one-half.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING,

Trying as its vicissitudes are, by those unvexed by chronic disease. Mainly because Hostetter's Stomach Bitters fortifies the system against disease by promoting a vigorous performance of the functions of the system, it possesses a wide, general utility. It promotes strength through improved digestion. This is the first, the most essential step. Subsequently the Bitters insures regularity of the bowels, liver, and kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism, and nervous trouble yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

HOW TO VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This is the title of an illustrated "folder" issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway for the benefit of all Western people who intend to visit Chicago from May to October, 1893.

It tells the cost of getting there, and how to go. It tells what to do about baggage, about places to eat and sleep; how to get to the Fair Grounds, and it gives many other items of useful information.

Send your address with a two-cent stamp, and ask for a "World's Fair Folder." Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ARE YOU MARRIED?

It is the small annoyances that worry—sour milk over-night, no milkman in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

is more delicious in taste and aroma than any other preparation of cocoa or chocolate. Easily digested.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says:

Apollinaris

"Reigns alone among Natural Dietetic Table Waters. Its numerous competitors appear to have, one after another, fallen away."

A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from *natural food* source.

Scott's Emulsion

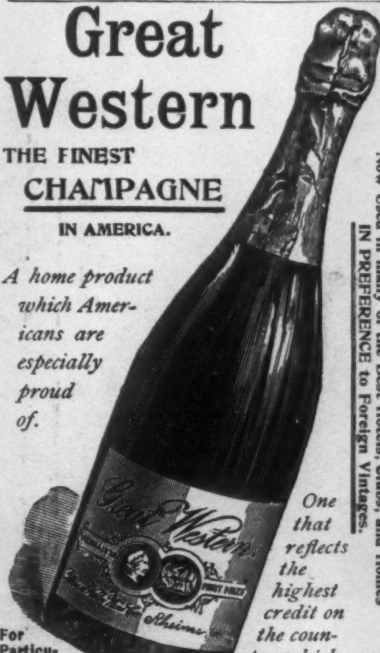
is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and *almost* as *palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Great Western

THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.



Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address,

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., NEW YORK.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE

Made by MARBURG BROS.

A Delightful Blend of
St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

★ THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS, FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS. AN UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE SICK-ROOM

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

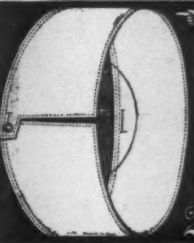
William Dean Howells.

The Quality of Mercy. Cloth, $1 50; Paper, 75 cents.
The World of Chance. (*Nearly Ready.*)
An Imperative Duty. Cloth, $1 00.
A Hazard of New Fortunes. 2 Vols. Cloth, $2 00; Illustrated. 1 Vol. Paper, $1 00.
The Shadow of a Dream. Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.
Annie Kilburn. Cloth, $1 50; Paper, 75 cents.
April Hopes. Cloth, $1 50; Paper, 75 cents.
Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories. Illustrated. Cloth, $1 25.
A Boy's Town. Illustrated. Cloth, $1 25.
The Mouse-Trap, and Other Farces. Illustrated. Cloth, $1 00.
A Little Swiss Sojourn. Ill'd. Cloth, 50 cents.
Farces: *A Letter of Introduction—The Albany Depot—The Garroters.* Illustrated. Cloth, 50 cents each.
Criticism and Fiction. Portrait. Cloth, $1 00.
Modern Italian Poets. Portraits. Half Cloth, $2 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.*

THIS IS THE CORRECT DRESS COLLAR OUR WAKELEE



C & C TRADE MARK BRAND 20¢ H. C. CURTIS & CO. TROY, N.Y.

EDISON

PHONOGRAPHS FOR SALE.
Address
NORTH AMERICAN PHONOGRAPH CO.,
Edison Building, NEW YORK.
Masonic Temple Bld., CHICAGO.

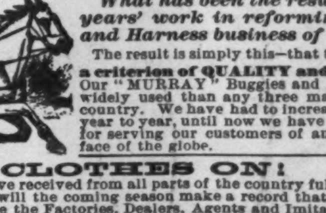
AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

BALLS OF FIRE

hurled into the ranks of an army could not have created the excitement and dismay that our

MURRAY $55.95 BUGGY and $5.95 HARNESS

have caused among the Buggy and Harness Manufacturers, Dealers and Agents throughout the United States. **FOUR YEARS AGO** we began selling our Murray Buggies and Harness **direct to the consumer,** barring out all Middlemen in the shape of the Dealer and the Agent, and giving to the consumers themselves the benefits of the immense profits heretofore squeezed and coaxed out of them by that class of men. We were fully convinced that by selling at first cost to the consumer direct, and by giving them the most substantial, the newest styles and the best finished work that could be produced, we would be eminently successful.



What has been the result of our four years' work in reforming the Buggy and Harness business of the country?

The result is simply this—that to-day our name is **a criterion of QUALITY and LOW PRICES.** Our "MURRAY" Buggies and Harness are more widely used than any three makes in the whole country. We have had to increase our Plant from year to year, until now we have the best facilities for serving our customers of any factory on the face of the globe.

WE'VE OUR FIGHTING CLOTHES ON!

and from now and henceforth the war will be more bitter than ever. The support we have received from all parts of the country fully warrants us in saying that we have friends by the Hundreds of Thousands, and with their support, we will the coming season make a record that will even eclipse our past glorious success. All people except fools have enemies—we have ours; they are the Factories, Dealers, Agents and Imitators, who are sore at our unprecedented success, and the loss of the "soft snaps" which they previously had, and they now spend their many idle hours in talking against the "Murray" Buggies and Harness. We like to have them talk, for they only advertise our work that much more—as any person easily sees, and were we not a most dangerous rival, they would not spend so much of their valuable (?) time in "grunting" against us. To these so-called "croakers" we can only say, that they have our sympathy, while we have the trade. **If saving "Dollars" amounts to anything whatever to you,** we're entitled to your support and trade. Write us for the **GRANDEST CATALOGUE** ever published; it contains about one hundred and fifty pages of illustrations and prices, which will be of great interest to you. Will mail you this Catalogue **FREE OF CHARGE** if you'll simply drop us a line asking for it.

THE WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, ANNIHILATORS OF HIGH PRICES AND EXORBITANT PROFITS.

Florida—Our Own Riviera.

ST. AUGUSTINE,

Conceded to be the grandest and most attractive of Winter resorts.

The *Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway*, which extends from Jacksonville, *via* St. Augustine, Palatka, Ormond, Daytona, New Smyrna, Oak Hill, and Titusville, to Rockledge—on the beautiful Indian River—is the most elegantly equipped road in the Southern States.

O. D. SEAVEY,
Manager Hotels Ponce de Leon,
Alcazar, and Cordova,
St. Augustine.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON,
General Passenger Agent,
J. St. A. & I. R. Ry.,
St. Augustine.

LIFE'S PILGRIM.

LIKE those who travel eastward through the day,
We journey on along Life's devious way;
Behind us each a Shadow hasteneth,
And suddenly, ere we are quite aware,
Lo! at our side a presence mute is there
To be our fellow to the door of Death!
Darker the path each moment grows, and then
At last, the journey done, Night falls again;
And with the Shadow we lie down to rest,
And slumber peacefully upon Earth's breast.

F. D. SHERMAN.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

FIGURE SKATING.

BY GEORGE D. PHILLIPS, AMATEUR CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

THERE is probably no recognized sport in which the fine points are so little understood by the general public as in figure skating. This is proven by the applause which frequently follows the exhibitions of showy skaters as compared to finished and methodical competitors. In many of our amateur championship competitions this has been the case, and reporters of our daily papers have been the worst offenders, often putting their ideas in print when they have been in direct opposition to the judges' decisions.

This was noticeably so in the contest of 1886, when a Canadian skater was defeated directly on his merits, and under the very best judges in the country. It occurred 'way back in the early seventies, in Jersey City, and again last year. To the unpractised eye the fact is lost sight of that a man must use both feet alike, and, when possible, execute all figures backward and forward and on outside and inside edges.

Proficient judges are sometimes misled, as in the contest of 1867, when Frank Swift, the old-time champion, almost succeeded in getting the best of them. He was only able to make the one-foot 8's with his right foot, and in order to throw the judges off, he first skated the figure facing them, and turning around a few times, he started with his back to them, but on the same foot. The deception was not noticed at first; but when Mr. E. B. Cook, one of the judges, asked him to repeat the figure, it was discovered that he could not use his left foot.

Any one taking up figure skating will shortly discover that he has a very imperfect balance on one or the other of his feet, on the same principle that a man is right or left handed, and in order to overcome it, should learn at once to use both alike. This is labor, and unless he be an enthusiast, he will never get beyond the average, though he may have ability enough to become a champion.

The first consideration is the outfit, namely, proper shoes and first-class skates. A stout shoe is necessary, of a little more than the average height, which should commence to lace at the ball of the foot, so that it can be drawn tight from there up without cramping the toes. Of course such shoes must of necessity be made to order.

The proper skate is largely a matter of opinion. In Canada most of the skaters take off the clamps and screw the skates to the soles of the shoes. In and about this neighborhood the old-fashioned heel plate is used, owing to the fact that the fastening is safe and sure. The market is flooded with any number of skates that fasten with clamps, both heel and toe, but they are all too heavy, and weight is a large factor in figure skating. For figure skating it is necessary that the bearing be under the ball of the foot, which enables a sure and successful balance.

Annual figure-skating contests take place in Russia, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, Canada, and the United States, but to this country alone belongs the honor of holding both the figure and speed championships.

Owing to the geographical situation, and consequent uncertainty of ice, the New York skaters are at a great disadvantage; but even so, they have succeeded in leading the world for over twenty-five years. The figure-skating contests abroad are very limited in character, and do not begin to demand such perfect control and balance as the American championships. To better understand the requirements in the United States, I append a programme with full instructions.

The following is the programme for the annual figure-skating championship. There are twenty-three feats.

The object of this programme is to set forth the movements of figure skating so as best to test the proficiency of skaters, and in an order that will economize the strength of the contestants. The movements are arranged under comprehensive fundamental heads, designed to include everything appertaining to the art. It is to be understood that, whenever practicable, all movements are to be executed both forward and backward, on right foot and on left. It should be borne in mind that grace is the most desirable attribute of artistic skating.

1. Plain forward and backward skating.
2. "Lap foot"—as field step and in cutting circle.
3. Outside edge roll, forward.
4. Outside edge roll, backward.
5. Inside edge roll, forward.
6. Inside edge roll, backward.
7. Figure 8 on one foot, forward.
8. Figure 8 on one foot, backward.
9. Cross roll, forward.
10. Cross roll, backward.
11. Change of edge roll, forward—commencing either on outside or inside edge.
12. Change of edge roll, backward—beginning either on outside or inside edge.
13. (a) "On to Richmond"; (b) reverse "On to Richmond."
14. (a) "Locomotives," forward, backward, sideways—single and double; (b) waltz step (not to be done on the point of the skate).
15. Spread-eagle, inside and outside edges.
16. Curvilinear angles: (a) single, double, chain, and flying threes, beginning on inside or outside edge; (b) turns from outside edge to outside edge, or from inside edge to inside edge, forward and backward.
17. Grape-vines, including "Philadelphia twist," etc.
18. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes), and movements on both toes, etc.
19. Single flat-foot spins and double-foot whirls.
20. (a) Serpentines on one foot and on both feet; (b) change of edge, single and double.
21. Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination.
22. Display of complex movements, at the option of the contestant.
23. Specialties, embracing original peculiar movements.

The officials of a figure-skating competition shall be three judges and one scorer. The judging shall be done on a scale of points running from the number of contestants down to 0. Experience has shown the following to be the most practicable method of scoring: "The number to be given to the one standing first in any section shall be that of the number of contestants. Should there be two or more of equal merit, they should be marked the same number, and the one coming next below takes the number resulting from subtracting the number of competitors above him from the number entered. A total failure is marked zero." A fall does not necessarily constitute a failure. At the conclusion of each figure each judge shall, without consultation with his associates, mark the number of points which he awards to each competitor. These reports shall then be compared, and in case of disagreement the majority shall decide. The scorer shall keep an accurate record of the points allowed to each contestant on each figure, but shall not be permitted to inform any competitor of his standing until the close of the entire competition.

This event is open to the amateur figure skaters of the world.

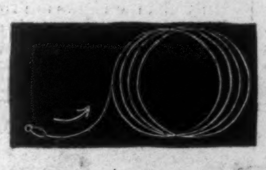
This programme was first adopted at a meeting of the American Skating Congress held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 3, 1868, and, with a very few alterations, has been in use ever since.

The first figure-skating contest held in New York under the revised programme was at Mitchell's Pond, corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, during the winter of 1868. This site is now occupied by the Plaza Hotel. The match was won by James Mead, of New York; Edward Martin second—there being in all five competitors.

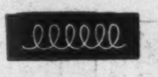
The old Philadelphia Skating Club claim to have held contests prior to that, and the writer also saw contests in Chicago as early as 1865, but the then existing programme was very limited.

The first principle of perfect skating is grace, and the performer should be careful in executing the various "rolls" to carry his head well up and avoid looking at his feet; the arms should hang naturally at the side, and the knees slightly bent. The balance foot should not be kicked suddenly forward or backward, as the case may be, but follow the performing leg easily to the termination of the stroke, leaving it (the balance leg) slightly in advance at the finish.

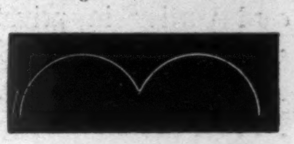
It is a remarkable fact that the average figure-skater is weak on what are termed the plain movements. Most of them devote their time and attention to the small figures, forgetting that a graceful skater on the rolls, etc., may obtain a lead in the score that is difficult to overcome.



The impetus necessary to execute the smaller or close movements is acquired almost entirely by the use of the disengaged or balance foot. For instance, the ringlets can be made either small or large, by carrying the balance foot high for a small circle or low for a large one. The loops, which are a series of disconnected rings, are made by the balance foot being carried out and away from the performing leg some fifteen inches, while in ringlets it is carried within about six inches. This is a very nice distinction, but produces very different results.

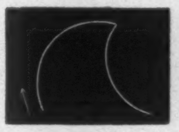


One other illustration will show how the weight of the shoulders aids the skater.

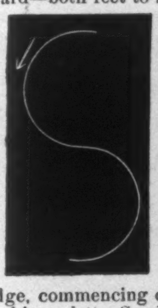


Take what is termed the "three" or natural turn. The skater, starting forward on the outside edge, makes half a circle, and then, by throwing his right shoulder backward and his left forward, turns to the inside edge backward, and cuts the other half.

The reverse of this movement is the "rocking" or unnatural turn. The skater, starting forward on the outside edge, makes a half-circle or less, at will, and then, throwing his left shoulder back and his right forward, turns backward on to the same edge, and makes another half-circle or less. Thus the figure is cut all on one edge, and is a very difficult movement.



In competition this must be done as follows: Outside edge forward to outside edge backward; inside edge forward to inside edge backward; inside edge backward to inside edge forward; outside edge backward to outside edge forward—both feet to be used alike.



The reverse movements commencing backward are very difficult, as the turns must be made without any change of edge; and nine skaters out of ten, in order to preserve their balance, run to the opposite edge just previous to turning. This is incorrect, and always fails to score.

These rocking turns can be utilized in any number of combinations; but the most graceful is in a large field step, and the most difficult in the form of a one-foot 8.

The first necessary balances for a successful skater are the changes of edge, commencing on outside and running to inside, as in making a letter S. When this is accomplished both forward and backward, on right and on left, the skater will have good control of himself, and can very easily pick up other movements.

Another important point is what is termed "skating to place," meaning the ability to run over the figure several times, always keeping on the original lines. This requires wonderful control, especially on one-foot and backward movements.

In the plain movements, rolls, etc., the same rule holds good, the skater being required to make his strokes of uniform length and equal curve.

In skating to place on the close movements we must give the palm to the Canadians, this being accounted for by the fact that they have so much practice, usually four months each year, in covered rinks.

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, certainly leads the world in this respect; the writer has seen him execute the double one-foot 8's, and never vary but a few inches, and the figure will be as perfect on the ice as though drawn by a pair of compasses.

Probably the most showy figures are the "grape-vines," which give the skater a good chance for ingenuity, many of our best performers being able to execute from twelve to fifteen distinct and different vines.

In order to be successful in the spins and whirls, a strong stomach is necessary; otherwise dizziness is sure to follow. When you take into consideration that a skater will make fifteen revolutions on one foot, and as many as thirty on two feet, at a very high rate of speed, it is a wonder that they are not seasick.

A successful figure-skater must be very strong in the legs to stand the strain of competition. In the contest of 1891 there were four competitors, and it took over six hours to decide it; and of course difficult balances become much harder when the muscles tire. There is one great advantage of figure skating as a sport, and that is age is not a potent factor of success, as past history shows that many of our best-known experts were men well on to middle life.

It certainly is an enemy of dyspepsia and kindred troubles, and is the most exhilarating though not the most violent sport known to this country.

WINTER WORK OF THE HARVARD CREW.

BY W. A. BROOKS, JUN.

ON February 13th the candidates for the Harvard crew went into what is called strict training. Previous to that date, while not permitted to indulge in the excesses of college life, they were, nevertheless, given comparatively free license in regard to the disposal of their time. Since then, however, they have become subject to the strict rules of training which have been in vogue at Cambridge for many years. With the exception of Saturday evening, they are expected to be in bed by ten o'clock. Rising at seven in the morning, they assemble in the college yard at half past, take a short walk, and separate for breakfast, the training-table not being organized as yet. At 4.30 in the afternoon they are expected to be at the Carey building, where from half to three-quarters of an hour they row in the tank. After the row they are put through a form of exercise with the dumb-bells, and then given a run of two or three miles in the open air. A bath and a rub-down finishes the day's work. At present the coaching is being done by ex-Captain Perkins and Captain Vail, who as yet has not been able to take his place in the boat on account of an old injury received while playing football a year ago. The candidates are about eighteen in number, mostly new men. For of last year's crew Cummings is the only man who has returned to try for his old place in the boat. Winthrop, Kelton, and Rantoul graduated last June. Lynam and Acton are busy with their medical studies. Waters, as captain, is devoting his time to the football team. Why Newell is not rowing I do not know. But in spite of the fact that the candidates are new and untried, they present a decidedly favorable appearance. They take hold of their work well and put lots of dash into it.

In point of physique and general characteristics they represent an entirely different type from the class of men who for the past four or five years have gone to make up the Harvard crews. They are of the long, stringy type of athlete, with plenty of chest-room and any amount of driving power. They may become lazy, but never loggy. Take, for instance, Fearing; his long training and well-earned success in track athletics has eminently fitted him for taking up rowing, and his presence has infused life into the other candidates. He is not what you would call stocky, but rather slightly built, and of more than average height, with long stringy muscles. To look at him you can see that he is built for endurance. Stearns is another man of about the same type. Cummings is still another example. And so they run, some a little heavier, some a little lighter; but those among them who are most likely to "make" the crew are of this type. So much for the candidates themselves. But one has only to watch them at work to discover the chief reason of Harvard's lack of success. It is not because she has poor material; it is not because she has poor coaching, or that the men are not *taught* the proper stroke; but it is because that material is not properly selected and arranged. Every year it happens that five or six places in the boat can be easily and correctly filled. Then comes the question, to whom shall be given the remaining ones? And just here is the weakest point in Harvard's system: first, that the selection of the doubtful men is put off until too late in the season; and second, that the selection is not properly made.

The choice being left as it is to the captain and whoever may be coaching, strict justice is not done to every man. The captain is busy. The coach is worried by the faults in the rowing. They both put off the decision, from day to day, until they are forced by the shortness of the remaining time to do in haste what by good rights should have been done early in the season, and done under cool judgment. It would be far better for Harvard, instead of relying upon the judgment of captain or coach—who have already more than enough work to attend to, to select her crew—if the matter were placed in the hands of several old oarsmen called to Cambridge for that purpose. Let them watch the candidates for a week, pass judgment upon them, and give to the captain their opinion. He could then act as he saw fit. But he would be less liable to make mistakes than he is now. A month or six weeks later the same men could assemble for a final selection. Acting on this plan, the late changes, that are always unfortunate, would be avoided, and the good men less liable to be overlooked. As matters now stand at Cambridge I can see no good reason for supposing that Harvard will have a fast crew this year. The men are not properly arranged. The right men are not in the right places. Too much time is wasted over details which might better be attended to after the crew is formed. While it is not possible to *absolutely* select the crew at this early day, still a better attempt to do so might be made, and it is for that reason that I so openly criticise the system. It is the weakest man who has got to row in the crew who ought to be selected with the greatest care. Precious time ought not to be wasted upon men who are comparatively sure of position until the weakest man is found and brought more nearly by good coaching up to the standard of the others. It is only in this way that a well-finished crew can be formed.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By JOHN F. HURST, D.D., LL.D., Author of "Indika," etc. With ten Colored Maps. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

A GOLDEN WEDDING, and Other Tales. By RUTH MCENERY STUART. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

WOLFENBERG. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Edited by Mrs. J. R. GREEN and Miss KATE NORGATE. With Portrait, Colored Plates, Maps, and Many Illustrations. Vol. I., Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00. *The second volume is in press.*

TIME'S REVENGES. A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "First Person Singular," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

MOROCCO AS IT IS, with an Account of Sir Charles Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez. By STEPHEN BONSAL, Jr. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER. A Novel. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Phantom Future," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

SEEN FROM THE SADDLE. By ISA CARRINGTON CABELL. With an Illustration. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents. ("Harper's Black and White Series.")

CATHERINE. A Novel. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "The Baroness," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

THE TONGUE OF FIRE; or, The True Power of Christianity. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR. From New Plates. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882. Edited by W. MINTO. Illustrated by Etchings by Himself, and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

JANE FIELD. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "A New England Nun, and Other Stories," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Compromise of 1850. By JAMES FORD RHODES. Vol. I., 1850–1854; Vol. II., 1854–1860. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE SERIES. Two New Volumes; *The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories.* By E. H. HOUSE.—*The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs.* By R. K. MUNKITTRICK. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25 each.

THE ARMIES OF TO-DAY. A Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the Present Time. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

A TOUR AROUND NEW YORK, and My Summer Acre: Being the Recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy. By JOHN FLAVEL MINES, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

MOLTKE: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes. Translated by MARY HERMS. With Illustrations from Drawings by Moltke, Portraits, and Fac-simile Letters. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.—Uniform with *The Franco-German War of 1870–71* and *Letters of Von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers.*

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

DE FOREST VAN VLEET.

DE FOREST VAN VLEET, who has been appointed by Governor Flower to succeed Alexander C. Eustace as State Civil Service Commissioner, is a native of New York, having been born in Broome County August 10, 1855. He was graduated from Cornell College in 1877, and taking up the study of law, was admitted to the bar four years later. He settled in Ithaca, where he now resides, and succeeded in building up a large and active practice. Mr. Van Vleet has been Recorder and also Corporation Counsel of Ithaca, and since the establishment of the Ithaca Street Railway Company, in 1885, a prominent official of the company.

Notwithstanding the cares and duties of his profession, Mr. Van Vleet has found opportunity to interest himself in politics. Since 1880 he has spoken in every campaign, and last summer was chosen chairman of the Democratic County Committee. In addition he has been an active worker in many ways, and a firm supporter of Mr. Hill for the Presidential nomination. In 1889 Mr. Van Vleet was a delegate to the State Convention, and Democratic candidate for Member of Assembly in 1890, so his qualifications for his new position are well known to the State officials at Albany. He is a member of the Chi Psi college fraternity and of the Holland Society.

A CIGAR WHILE YOU WAIT.

NEW YORK has received another addition to its list of "served while you wait" establishments, in the shape of a cigar store where a customer can have his favorite weed made quickly and deftly while he lingers for a few moments and watches the proceedings. Establishments of this kind are of a recent creation, but they are increasing at a rapid rate. The first one of the list was a shoe shop, which built up a large but transient trade by means of this sign: "Shoes soled and heeled while you wait."

To have his foot-wear promptly repaired while he waited was an advantage to the visitor to Gotham which he was not slow in appreciating and taking advantage of, and the idea was adopted by many imitators, all of whom were not in the boot and shoe trade, however. Hatters, tailors, watch-makers, and other artisans were not slow in falling into line, with the result that their trade was considerably increased, and people whose time was limited were greatly accommodated.

The tobacconist in question has a large store and an equally large force of employés. He is located on upper Broadway, in the centre of the famous "Tenderloin District," and his novel departure in business appears to be very successful.

The workmen are Cubans supposed to have been specially imported from the cigar factories of the tobacco island, and they make up a cigar of any size, quality, or price desired, at very short notice, from the small Bouquet to the big and strong Perfecto. All kinds of tobacco used in the manufacture of cigars are kept in stock, and a customer can have his choice of filler, and select a Havana, Connecticut, or Sumatra wrapper.

The custom of smoking fresh-made cigars is on the increase in this country, and many club-men who are supposed to be judges of the weed prefer them to those that have been made any great length of time. They afford a much cooler smoke, but on account of their moisture they contain more nicotine, and consequently are more injurious than those that have aged and become dry.

In Cuba the cigars are fresh made for use after each meal as regularly as the coffee, and if a cigar is not damp from the maker's hands it is not considered fit to smoke.

The greater part of the Broadway dealer's customers consists of gentlemen who enjoy a fresh-made cigar, and those people who are commonly known as "chappies." If the tobacconist's enterprise results in causing the latter class to switch off from cigarettes, he will confer a boon on mankind in general and upon New York in particular.

JOHN Z. ROGERS.

CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT.

THE inland fresh-water sea, Lake Michigan, which is now chiefly famous because the great city of Chicago stretches along its shore for a considerable distance, and because the World's Columbian Exposition is to be held on land washed by its waters, is always interesting as a great lake, but it is never so picturesque as in the middle of a long, hard winter, when the waves washed in by the winds have solidified along the shore into ice, which at a distance looks like a ledge of rocks, and sometimes even like a line of ocean breakers fixed and solidified at the combing. The picture of the lake front at Chicago printed in this number of the WEEKLY gives a very faithful idea of a short section of this ice-bound front. But it is like this, and has been so for several months, for many miles of the lake shore. Between the land and this wall of ice there has generally been smooth ice, on which those in no fear of fierce cold winds have skated. This enclosed ice has also afforded a capital place for ice yachting, and many of these swiftly moving contrivances were to be seen on fair days racing over the ice with the actual speed of the wind.

The ice at Chicago this winter has, however, done other things than afford material for pictures and give opportunity for sport. It has interfered with navigation, and it has made the work of the water department of Chicago quite difficult. The water for the city is obtained through tunnels which project far into the lake. At the cribs where these tunnels end, the floating ice has gathered in great masses, and men have had to be kept at work out at the cribs to fight this ice and keep the tunnel openings free. Those whose business it was to visit the cribs every day saw nothing either pleasant or picturesque in the ice-bound shore, and to them it was not lovely even when the setting sun lighted up the long white line with prismatic colors and made it look like a rainbow dropped to the earth.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Card Parties.

Elegant playing cards are now put up by The United States Printing Company, expressly for card parties in private houses. Six packs of their Congress brand, regular size, gold backs and gold edges, are sold in cartons for $3.00.

No cards like these ever were made before. They are as good and beautiful as they are new. The artistic designs are printed in either Green, Copper, Violet, Aluminum, or Gold bronze on backgrounds either Red, Blue, Orange, Maroon, Green, or White.

If your dealer does not keep these Congress Carton Cards or will not get them for you, they will be sent to your address, expressage prepaid, on receipt of Three (3.00) Dollars, by

The United States Printing Co.,

Russell & Morgan Factories. **CINCINNATI, O.**

KODAK FILMS.

Our New Films are giving perfect satisfaction. They are highly sensitive and repeated tests show that they retain this sensitiveness as well as glass plates. No other films are so free from imperfections; none so uniform; none so reliable. Our film doesn't frill.

Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

This Keystone Is on Blair's Writing Tablets

Blair's Keystone

and insures your getting the highest quality paper at the lowest possible price. "*Climax,*" "*Paragon,*" and "*Good Luck*" are the most popular Packets. Ask to see them.

The fact that we cut up, year in and year out, over 6 tons of this paper per day, will show you that thousands prefer our paper, and also explain why the trade can sell it at such unusual and attractive prices.

Look for the Keystone at your stationer's, or send 25 cts. for a specimen Climax Pad and samples No. 5, free, to

J. C. BLAIR CO., Huntingdon, Pa.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY
TO PURCHASE A
COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT,

Consisting of Camera, Lens, Tripod, 1 doz. Plates, 1 Printing Frame, 2 Trays, 1 doz. Paper, 12 Mounts, 1 Lamp, 1 Focus Cloth, 8 ozs. Developer, 1 lb. Hypo, 8 ozs. Albutone, 1 Graduate, 1 Negative Rack, and one copy of "How to Make Photographs."

For Pictures,	4¼x6½,	$12.50.
" "	5x7,	$14.00.
" "	5x8,	$15.00.
" "	6½x8½,	$17.50.
" "	8x10,	$20.00.

The above outfits contain everything necessary to make and complete a picture.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway, New York.

MECHANICAL DRAWING, MECHANICS, MINING, ARITHMETIC, ETC., PROSPECTING,
MAY BE STUDIED At Home
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME FROM WORK.
To begin students only need to know how to read and write. Send for FREE Circular giving full particulars to **The Correspondence School of Mechanics or The Correspondence School of Mines, Scranton, Pa.**

White Label SOUPS

SEND 10¢ AND YOUR GROCERS NAME FOR SAMPLE CAN

25¢ PER QUART RETAIL PRICE

INDISPUTABLY CORRECT

On receipt of price we will ship, express paid, our White Label Soups in case lots (1 or 2 dozen quarts and 2 dozen pints or ½ pints per case) to any part of the United States reached by express. Delivered prices: Quarts $3.00 per dozen, Pints $2.00 per dozen, ½ pints $1.50 per dozen.

Consomme, French Boullion, Julienne, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo, Beef, Puree of Green Peas, Tomato, Kidney, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Puree of Game, Solo Puree, Assorted.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
SOUP DEPARTMENT
KANSAS CITY.

DEAFNESS Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age. Wilson's common sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe, and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. *Write for circulars.* Wilson Ear Drum Co., LOUISVILLE, KY.

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. 1892) free by mail for 2c. Stamp. Immense. Unrivalled. Only good one ever invented. Beats weights. Sales unparalleled. $12 a Day. *Write quick.* Brohard & Co. Phila.

"Reading maketh a ready man,
Writing maketh an exact man."

Over Two Thousand CALIGRAPHS

Now in Use in our Schools,

Making the young ready and exact in spelling, punctuating and phrasing.

USE THE CALIGRAPH

and increase your exactitude many fold

Manufactured by

THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.:

HARTFORD, CONN.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP,

FOR THE

SCALP, SKIN, AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. **Sold by druggists, grocers, and dry-goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for $1.00.**

WOODBURY'S

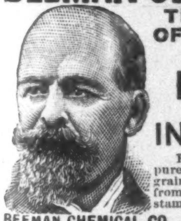
Antiseptic Shaving Sticks and Bars.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you. **Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.**

A Sample Cake of Facial Soap and a **150**-page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10 cts.**, also Disfigurements, like Birth-Marks, Moles, Warts, India-Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, - New York City.
Consultation Free at Office or by letter.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

THE FLORIDA HOME SEEKER.

Tells of cheapest routes, hotel board.
Where to locate for health and profit.
Where to buy homes for $1 and up, monthly payments.
Three months for 10 cents. Sample free.
THE FLORIDA DEVELOPMENT CO.,
99 FRANKLIN ST., N. Y., ROOM 18.

A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY QUILT of 500 sq. in. can be made with our package of 60 splendid Silk and Satin pieces, assorted bright colors, **25c.; 5 packs. $1.00.** Silk Plush and Velvet, 40 large pieces, assorted colors, **50c.** Emb. Silk, **40c.** per oz. **Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N.J.**

$10 to $50 per night. A light and profitable business. **Magic Lanterns and Views** of popular subjects. Catalogues on application. Part 1, Optical: 2, Mathematical: 3, Meteorological: 4, Magic Lanterns, etc.
L. MANASSE, 88 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.......... *Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............. "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.............. "	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE... "	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, NO. 59 WALL STREET.

BANKS and TRUST COMPANIES are the principal buyers of **OREGON** and **WASHINGTON WARRANTS,** drawing **8 and 10%** interest, because no other conservative investment pays so well. **We make a specialty of Warrants.** Write for details and double your income safely. **Washington Improvement Co., - Investment Bankers, Fairhaven, Wash.**
EASTERN OFFICE, 31 EQUITABLE BUILDING, - BOSTON.

6% DEPOSITS! Convertible into other securities. **6, 7 and 8** per cent first mortgages with **Sinking Fund.** Safest of all investments. AGENTS WANTED. Write, **The North American Finance Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used.
JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Virginia Hotel

CHICAGO, ILL.

400 ROOMS.

Absolutely Fireproof.

AMERICAN PLAN.

Expectant Visitors to the **World's Fair** should send for our photographic book of interior views, including room diagrams and rates, which we mail free on application. Address,

THE VIRGINIA HOTEL CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

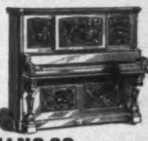
EMERSON PIANOS

60,000 SOLD

43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SWEET TONED.

SOLD ON MERIT.



MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE.

Every Instrument Fully Warranted.

Catalogues Free.

EMERSON PIANO CO., 92 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
174 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SHREWD Cyclers always post themselves before purchasing wheels. We ask you to become posted about the **IMPERIAL WHEELS.** Our catalogue will help you. Send for it.

AMES & FROST CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

FAIRY TRICYCLES
FOR LADIES, GIRLS AND BOYS.
FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The **BEST** in the world. Send for Catalogue.
MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Globe" Business Furniture, Filing Cabinets, Office Desks, Best in the World.
Illustrated Catalogue, 80 pages, Free.
THE GLOBE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

ASTHMA—CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE **FREE**
THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure and Soluble.

NO ALKALIES or OTHER CHEMICALS or DYES

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot, or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

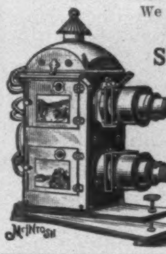
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The "People's Text-Book"—on varnish will keep your carriage in better condition at less expense; it will keep your house and furniture fresh and new with less labor.

Some knowledge of varnish is quite as useful as varnish itself. Sent free.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.



We are Manufacturers of, Importers and Dealers in,

STEREOPTICONS,

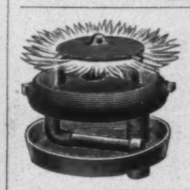
Gas-Making Apparatus.

100,000 Lantern Slides in Stock.

Lantern Slides to Order.

McINTOSH
Battery & Optical Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
☞ Mention this paper.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.



COOK WITH GAS.

Make it yourself for 20 cents a thousand. Send for circular.

BURTON BURNER CO.,
36 East Van Buren St., Chicago.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

(TRADE MARK.)

For Brain-Workers & Sedentary People: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors & others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON,** Publisher, Chicago.

SKIN TORTURES

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, ulcerative, or contagious, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the **Cuticura Remedies** when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most refined and sensitive. They may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. They have friends in every quarter of the civilized world. People in every walk of life believe in them, use them, and recommend them. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other blood and skin remedies. Sold throughout the world.

Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," 64 pages, 300 Diseases, mailed free.

ROSES

Their culture and care; how the famous **D. & C. Roses** are grown on their own roots at rose headquarters and how any one can grow roses and other flowers successfully. All this and more is told in our new "*Guide to Rose Culture.*" A handsome book which illustrates and prices all the best flowers. We mail it free together with a copy of our grand Floral Magazine, **"SUCCESS with FLOWERS."** Send us your address.

The DINGEE & CONARD CO.
Rose Growers and Seedsmen. **West Grove, Pa.**

The Sower

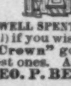
has no second chance. The first supplies his needs—if he takes the wise precaution of planting

Ferry's Seeds.

Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

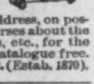
A CENT SENT BENT.



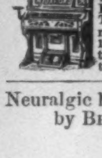
Manufacturer of

"CROWN"

PIANOS AND ORGANS.



WELL SPENT, is a cent sent to Bent, (your address, on postal) if you wish a Piano or Organ. I want verses about the **"Crown"** goods, and give Pianos, Organs, etc., for the best ones. Ask and learn how it's done. Catalogue free.
GEO. P. BENT, (Clerk No. 2), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).



WE SEND FREE

with this beautiful **Organ an Instruction Book** and a handsome, upholstered **Stool!** The organ has 11 stops, 5 octaves, and is made of Solid Walnut. Warranted by us for 15 years. We only charge **$45** for this beautiful instrument. Send to-day for **FREE** illustrated catalogue. **OXFORD MFG. CO Chicago.**

Neuralgic headaches promptly cured by BROMO-SELTZER—Trial bottle, 10c.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.

Progressive men purchase improved machinery, thereby obtaining greater facilities for accomplishing good results.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. has just received from the U. S. War Department, Washington, an order for 150 machines, the largest order ever given for typewriters by any government or corporation.

This decision was based upon the many improvements and the superior mechanical excellence of the Smith Premier over all other typewriters.

Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

We have 20 branch offices in the principal cities throughout the United States.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Perfumer,* 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

AN IDEAL STUB PEN—Esterbrook's Jackson Stub, No. 442. A specially EASY WRITER, A GOOD INK HOLDER, and a DELIGHT to those who use a STUB PEN. ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR THEM. Price, $1.00 per gross. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., New York.